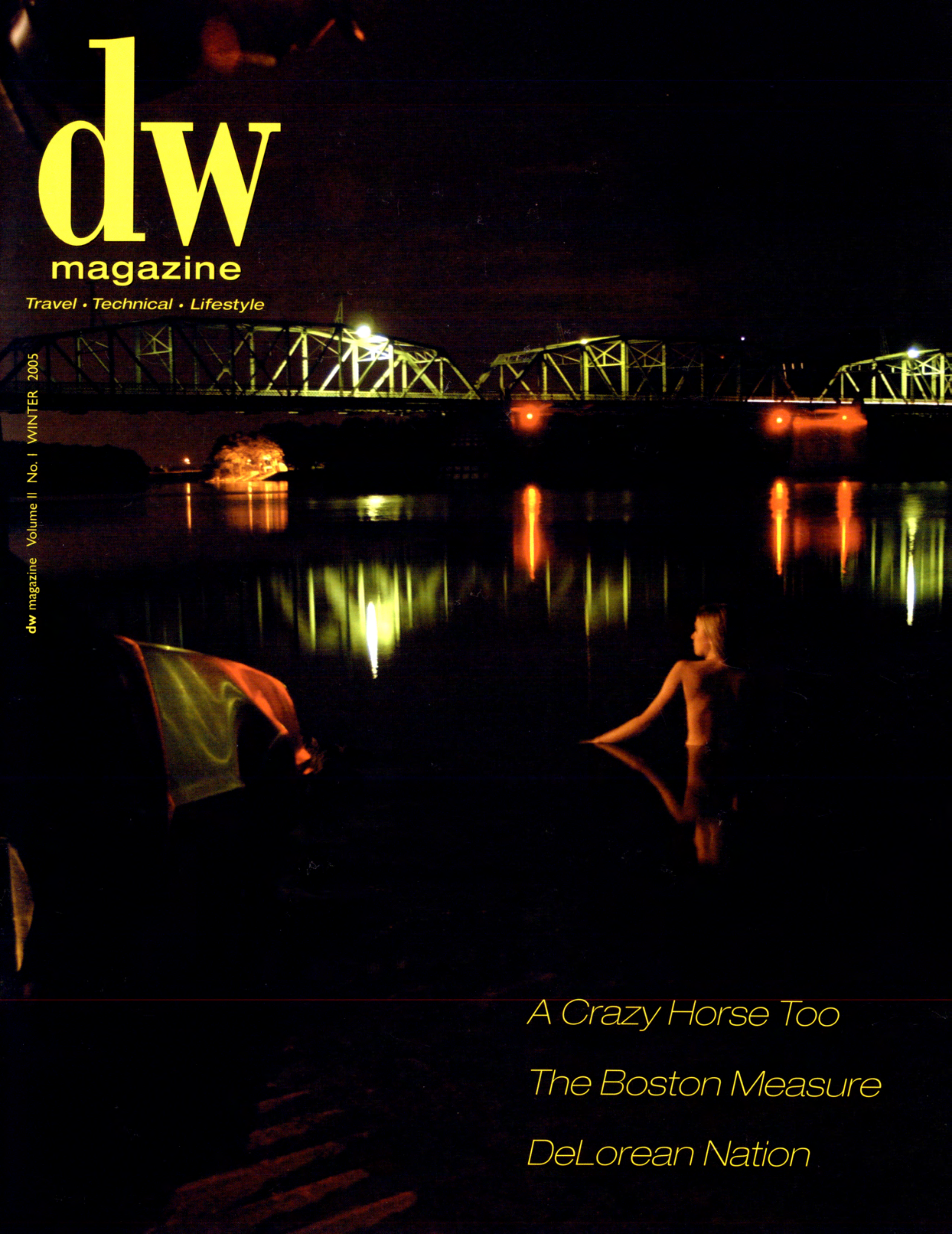


dw magazine

Travel • Technical • Lifestyle

dw magazine Volume II No. 1 WINTER 2005

A Crazy Horse Too

The Boston Measure

DeLorean Nation

Commit to the vision.

President's Message

◀ *Jon Spurlin*

My first car was a 1957 DKW. It was a cute car—in a sorry way—like a 1967 Shelby Mustang GT500 but without the good looks, handling, power or thrill. The gas mileage was terrific, however, and my DKW exploded down highways with the force of 40hp. Looking for more punch, I later bought a 1963 Falcon Sprint. At the time, Ford called it "the greatest thing since horseshoes". No doubt, it rivaled the exhilarating lawn game. I modified it to sprint 350 horses. But as fun as that was at first, it quickly became impractical to me in city driving. So, I detuned it to 250hp leaving it still breathtaking enough to blow hats off uptight businessmen walking along the streets.

I realize that many seek an adventure through high horsepower cars. I can't blame them. They're great fun. Horsepower without torque, however, is meaningless. This should be put into consideration, especially when upgrading a car like the DeLorean. Particular attention should be given to suspension, brakes and tires to match the added stress of high horsepower engines.

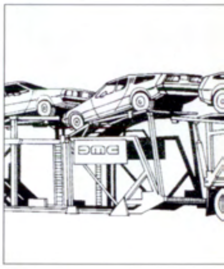
The 130hp DeLorean may seem underpowered and not worth a further glance. But pause and look again. I've always found my DeLorean preferable to other cars. The power is adequate, especially relative to its weight. And, unknown to the wide-eyed layman that believes horsepower is the secret to championing the roads, it matters little how much you have, if you don't know how to use it. I proved that to myself in 1998 when out of 150 cars in a Monte Carlo race—stretching from Santa Barbara to Las Vegas—I came in second place, losing by 2/100ths of a minute. Left in my dust were plenty of more powerful cars: Mustangs, Camaros, Mercedes, the Ford Thunderbird, the Mazda MR2 and others. I give kudos to the BMW that just barely won, and I kick myself now wishing I hadn't driven the race with my right hand while amusing my time away by windsurfing out the toll booth window with my left.

So make sure you're making the right decision before you modify your car. If it is right for you, make sure you do it right. The DeLorean Owners Association is at your service. With over 20 years of experience and expertise, our network spans the globe, from Ireland where it all began, to the Far East and the Empire of the Rising Sun. We know who does what you're looking for and who does it right. So get in touch and say hello. Let me help you use our resources to further your love of the DeLorean automobile. It is you that makes the Association possible. Thank you.

Respectfully yours,
Jon Spurlin

president@delorean-owners.org

CRAZY HORSE TO

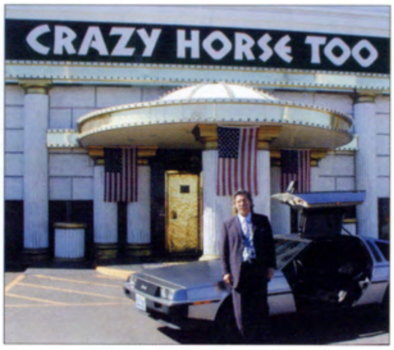


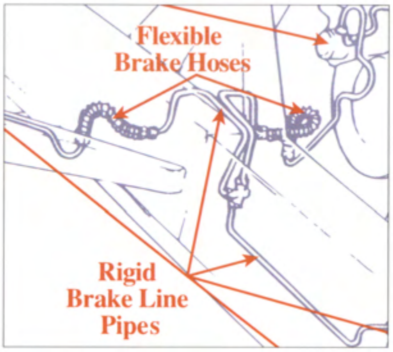
dw magazine
Travel • Technical • Lifestyle

table of contents

winter 2005

features features features features features features





8

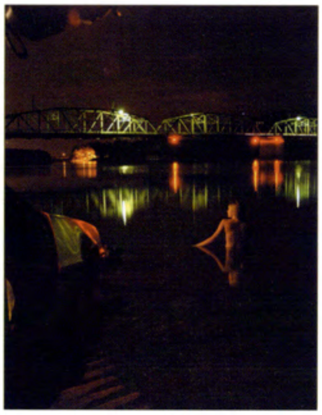
DOGS, DANCERS AND A CRAZY HORSE TOO
What happens in Vegas doesn't stay in Vegas. Meet Joe Melfi.

18

PASHA REPORT
Expectations and graphs from the DeLorean Logistics Project. A review.

28

BEYOND BRAKES AND ROTORS
If you don't treat them well, you'll stop one second too late.



on the cover

Jessica at the Hiawatha Landing, inspired by the Boston Measure
photographed by
Patricia Collins

plus plus plus

1
President's Message

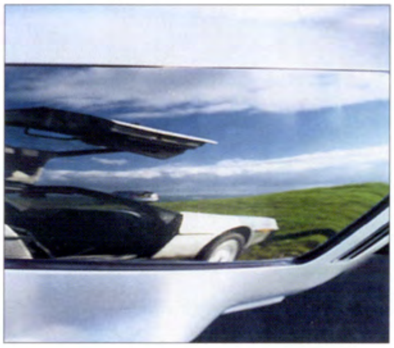
4-7
DeLorean Store

27
Editor's Comments

48
Classifieds

table of contents table of contents

features features features features



30

BACK TO BELFAST

Robert Lamrock invites you to Eurofest 2006.

34

THE BOSTON MEASURE

Regrets from the past, worries about the future and the elusive search for happiness now.

43

NEWS AND GROOVES FROM THE DELOREAN NATION

There be gold at the end, through blizzards and hurricanes, beyond celebrities and fame. We own DeLoreans... time to put on the gloves and act like DeLorean owners.

Change of Address
Eight weeks notice is required for change of address. Please send new address and old address with imprint from recent issue to:
DeLorean Owners Association
Membership Data Center
879 Randolph Road,
Santa Barbara, CA 93111
805.964.5296

MEMBERSHIP/SUBSCRIPTIONS
dw magazine is the official publication of the DeLorean Owners Association and is available only to the Association membership and **dw** magazine advertisers. Membership information may be obtained by contacting:
John Truscott, Membership Director
879 Randolph Road,
Santa Barbara, CA 93111
805.964.5296

Address all correspondence to the Editorial Office, **dw** magazine, 20229 Nordhoff Street, Chatsworth, CA 91311.

Disclaimer

While it is a primary service of the DeLorean Owners Association to disseminate technical information, any maintenance techniques or possible modifications published in the DeLorean Owners Association **dw** magazine should be weighed against conventional, traditional and generally accepted techniques and modifications. The DeLorean Owners Association should not be considered the authority on maintaining or improving DeLorean automobiles and the views expressed are those of the author of an article and does not constitute endorsement by the Association, its officers or members. Prudent owners should consider possible techniques or modifications in light of common sense compromises among economy, longevity, performance, reliability, driveability, legality and resale value. This publication and this organization WILL NOT ASSUME LIABILITY for any such consequences.

Use of the DeLorean Owners Association's emblem by advertisers neither constitutes an endorsement nor a representation or implication that the DeLorean Owners Association has in any way investigated the products or services.

All advertising is subject to approval before acceptance. **dw** magazine reserves the right to refuse any ad for reasons of suitability, space availability, or advertiser's unreliability. It is **dw** magazine's policy not to carry advertising for the following: health related products, material of a religious nature, lotteries, competing publications, competing organizations or potentially libelous material. Warranties, representations or statements made in ads are the sole responsibility of the advertiser. Advertisers are expected to fairly and accurately describe the items or services offered and are expected to describe reprinted literature and reproduction parts as such.

dw magazine is published by the DeLorean Owners Association.
dw magazine and DeLorean World are registered trademarks of the DeLorean Owners Association, Inc.
Printed in the U.S.A.

Postmaster send change of address to:
DeLorean Owners Association
Membership Data Center
879 Randolph Road
Santa Barbara, CA 93111
Telephone 805.964.5296

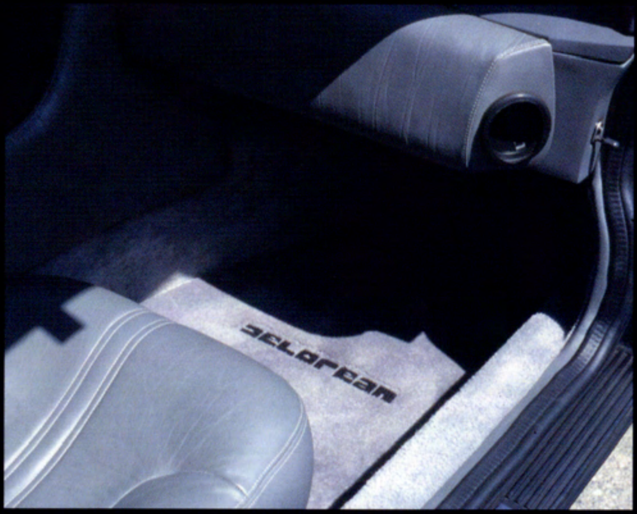
dw magazine assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, drawings or photographs, and such materials will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. All written and pictorial submissions shall be considered for permissible use by **dw** magazine from the author. Rich Text or Word format is preferred and queries are recommended prior to article submission.

©2005 DeLorean Owners Association, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Reproduction of text, photographs, and illustrations is not allowed without express permission.

Keep it Clean, Organized &

Bonnet Mat **#3964310** **$102.00**

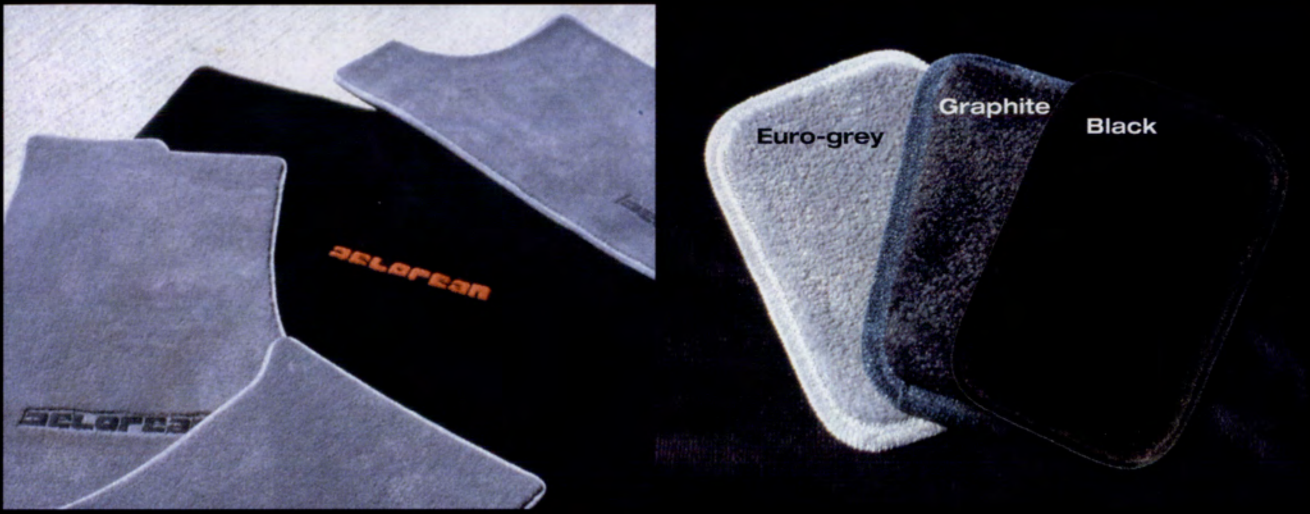
Cargo Mat **#3964320** **$90.00**



Floor Mats **#3964300** **$108.00**

THE DELOREAN STORE
1617 Del Valle Avenue
Glendale, CA 91208
Order online at: www.deloreanstore.com
www.deloreanmats.com

Hot when you're on the go.


Euro-grey
Graphite
Black

Floor Mat Collection & Color Samples

DMC Key Fob #NAK01 $16.95

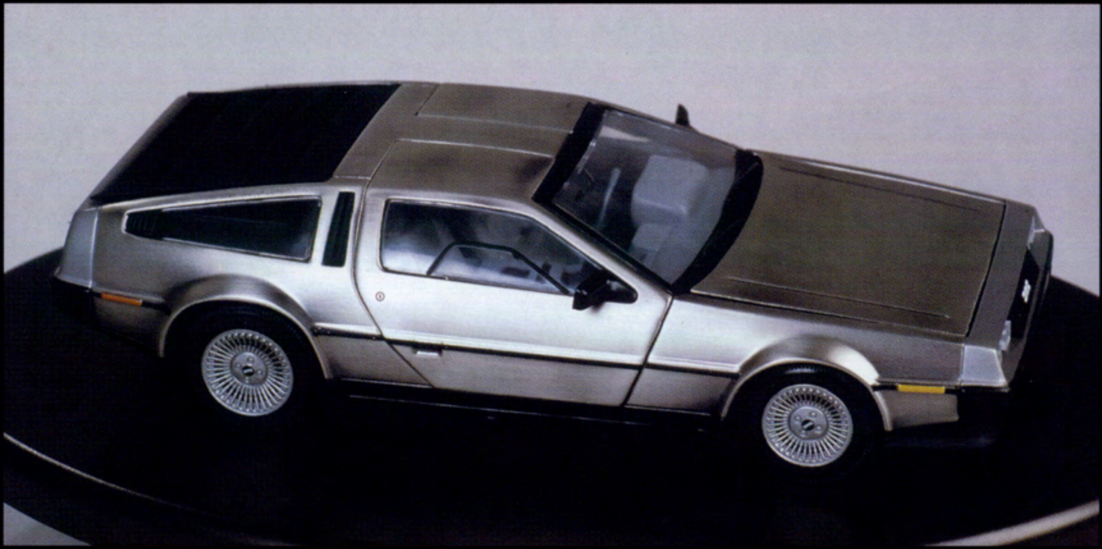
DeLorean Owners Association
Gull Wing Blend

Stainless Steel Travel Mug #109 $19.95

TAX (CA. RESIDENTS ONLY) AND SHIPPING NOT INCLUDED.
(Shipping and insurance on orders up to $50.00 add $8.00; over $50.00 add 15%)
International orders pay actual shipping fees. California residents add 8.25% sales tax.

All items offered subject to stock availability.

Be a DeLorean Role Model.

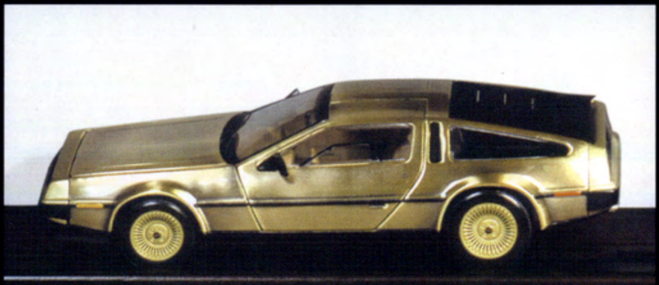


DMC-12 Stainless DeLorean ▲

Measuring in excess of 9" long, the DMC-12 DeLorean model is beautifully detailed in a 'stainless steel like' finish. The doors, bonnet and engine compartment open to display the details of the interior, engine, and front luggage compartment. Item #SS2701 $29.25

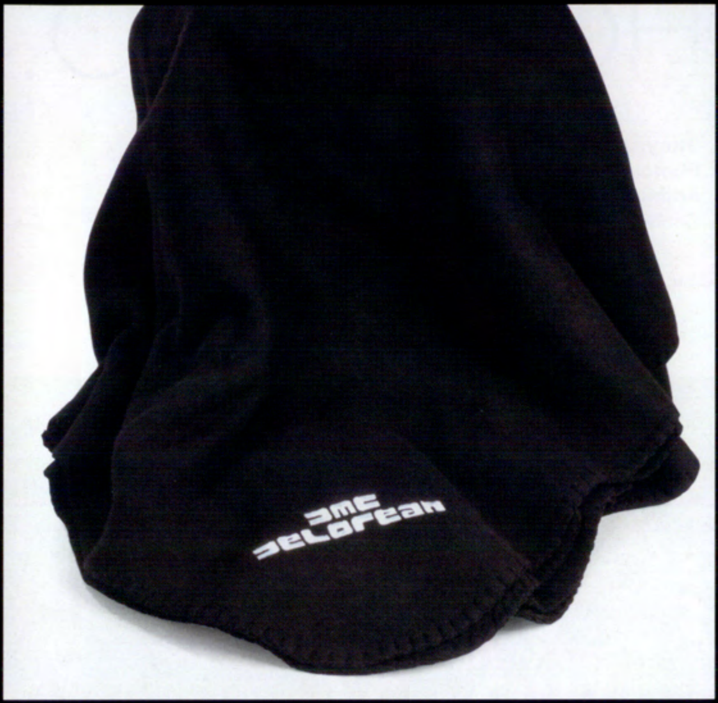
DMC-12 Gold DeLorean ▼

This is a rare replica of the rarest DeLoreans ever made! These finely crafted beauties are precision detailed inside and out. Their gold tone finish captures the image of elegance John DeLorean had in mind for a handful of the very wealthy. The models are die cast. The interior is luxurious desert tan. Measures 9 1/2" long. Item #SS2702 $29.95



DELOREAN OWNERS ASSOCIATION®

THE DELOREAN STORE
1617 Del Valle Avenue
Glendale, CA 91208
Order online at: www.deloreanstore.com
www.deloreanmats.com



Touring Car Throw

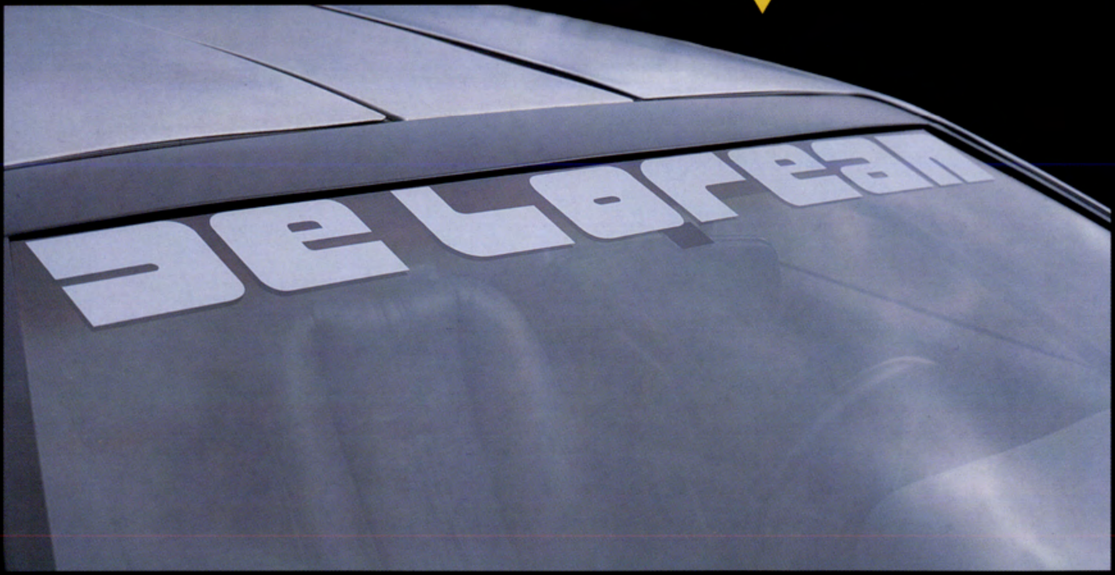
The appropriate accessory to keep on the package shelf for that impromptu soiree in the grass, the sand, the hay or on that cold, hard stadium seat one brisk autumn evening. Dense, soft Polar Fleece®. Midnight black embroidered in Stainless Steel Silver. Item #DNAB01 $34.75

◀

Windshield Banner

They can see you coming and know what you're driving! This windshield banner adds a new touch to your car, and won't obscure your view. Easy to apply or remove. Size: 3.5" x 39" Item #NAW01-Windshield Banner $28.95

▼

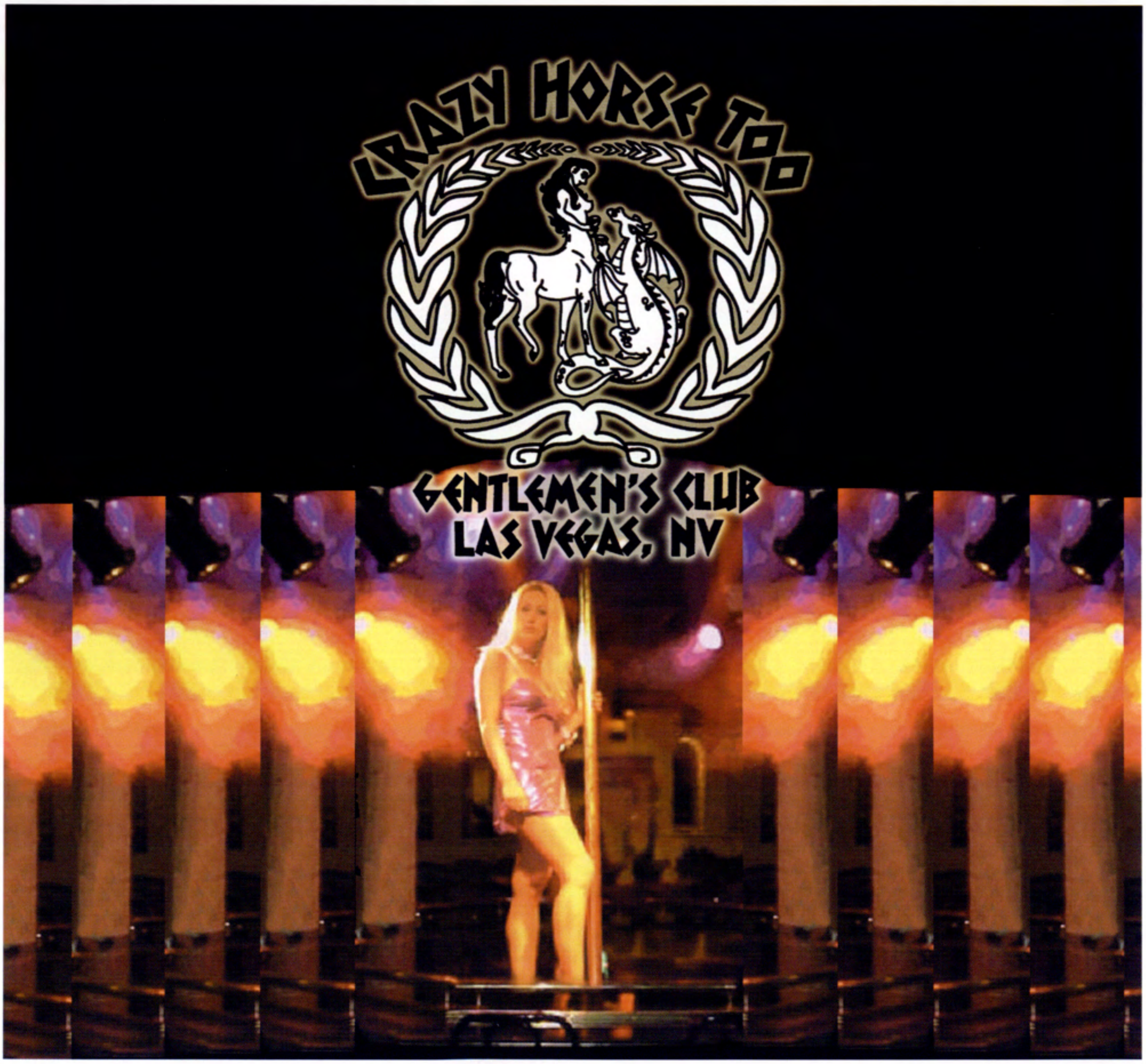


TAX (CA. RESIDENTS ONLY) AND SHIPPING NOT INCLUDED.
(Shipping and insurance on orders up to $50.00 add $8.00; over $50.00 add 15%)
International orders pay actual shipping fees. California residents add 8.25% sales tax.

All items offered subject to stock availability.

DOGS, DANCERS, and a CRAZY HORSE TOO.

Story: John Walk
Photos: John Walk
Additional photos:
Courtesy of www.crazyhorsetoo.com


CRAZY HORSE TOO
GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
LAS VEGAS, NV

"You're the DeLorean guy," the bartender says knowingly and offers me a drink on the house.

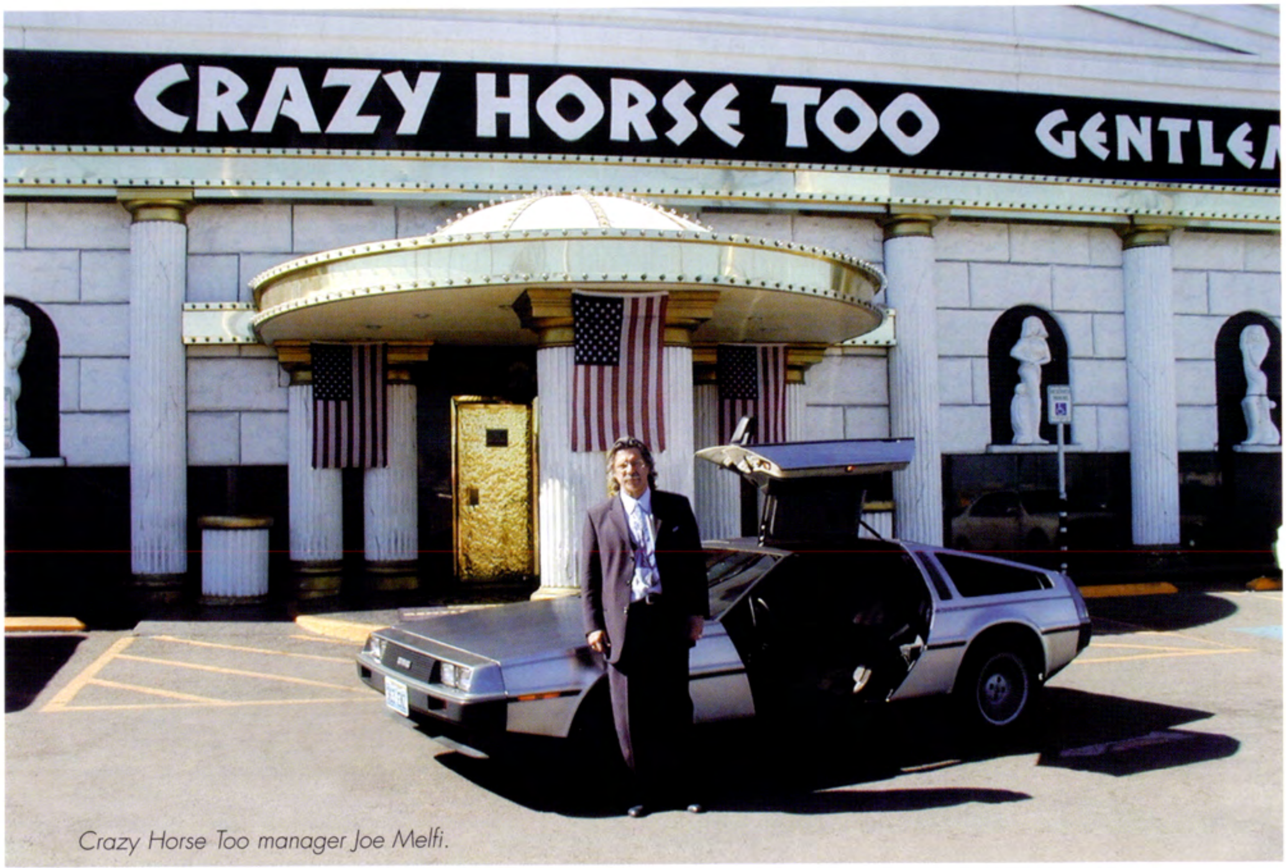
"Would you like a dance?
The question rings in my head. Gaining my bearing, I smile shyly: "Maybe later," I say.

"Okay," the young girl replies confidently. Dressed in a skimpy, dark-green bikini with laces down the thighs, she smiles, squeezes my arm and turns away.

Not all the girls here take rejection as kindly. For many, it's a new experience to ask something from a man, much less, to be told no thank you. But most wink and smile and don't take it personally. This is a gentleman's club, open 24 hours a day, all year long with the exception of Christmas Eve and Day. The dancers are professionals. And they take their profession seriously. The clientele at the *Crazy Horse Too*, one of Las Vegas' premiere, topless dance clubs, includes businessmen, tourists, various sports and movie celebrities—and even occasional women.

I'm here to meet Joe Melfi. He's been a manager here since the club first opened in 1984. It's a far cry from his days in Detroit where he worked in automobile design. When he first came to Las Vegas in 1961, he bounced around, bartending mostly, and slowly worked his way into club management.

"You're the DeLorean guy," the bartender says knowingly and offers me a drink on the house. I've been expected.



Crazy Horse Too manager Joe Melfi.

"I love this car," Melfi says. "I can't believe how many heads it turns."

▲ Top photo: Cleopatra's Lounge
Bottom photo: VIP Lounge

It's late morning and the *Crazy Horse Too* is almost empty. Some waitresses walk the floor. A few men sit quietly in the shadows and a dancer moves to the rhythm of music that fills the room. She arcs and curves her body around the long pole in the center of an elevated stage. Empty chairs surround the dance of seduction. Waiting for Melfi to finish the late shift, I banter with the bartender.

"The waitresses don't make as much as the dancers, do they?" I ask.

The bartender shakes his head.

"Do waitresses become dancers?" I ask. "Do dancers become waitresses?"

The bartender gives a light laugh: "Some of the waitresses go forward," he says, "but they never go back."

A hand grabs my shoulder warmly, and I turn to see Joe Melfi. He is middle-aged with curly-long, graying-dark hair. Sporting glasses and an English moustache, his manner is welcoming and friendly. His shift is now over, and he is ready to give me a quick tour before we head to his ranch in the desert.

The club is divided into two large rooms. The main hall consists of two bars—one on each end—and a stage. Cleopatra's Lounge, the adjacent room, is used for spillover crowds on busier nights and looks similar, with a stage surrounded by a few dozen comfy chairs. The rooms are scattered with Roman-style pillars. A beautiful, double-etched-glass door grants access to the Emperor's Room, hidden from the main hall by a wall of one-way mirrors. Here, a customer will find a private bar stocked with fine wine, cognac and champagne. More clandestine, the room is offered only to select individuals whose wallets are a little fatter than others.

The largest room in the club is closed to the public. Spanning 6,000 square feet, it provides a sanctuary for the dancers. Equipped with hundreds of lockers, chairs, a kitchen, steam room, showers and even a masseuse, the girls may take time away from the nudist surreality of their profession. From 5-7 pm, a snack buffet is served and a small shop sells various costumes and props to the dancers.

"Do you feel like you're looking out for them?" I ask Melfi.

"As far as the club's concerned, we protect the girls and look out for them."

Girls come from Las Vegas and the surrounding area. Many come from California and some even as far as Indiana and other states. Joe knows dancers that have worked here for 11 years. Others stay only a few weeks. Some come just for the weekend. It's the managers that decide which girls with which look to hire for their respective shifts. They provide dancers with a place to stay and ensure they aren't hassled by unruly customers. At the end of the day, the dancers tip-out the managers, floormen and the gift shop. The club itself earns money on liquor and the $20 entrance fee.

"Every dancer has to get a $100 business license every year," Melfi says.

This is Nevada law. At the *Crazy Horse Too* no one is hired under the age of 21. Any girl that wishes to be a professional dancer must apply for a work card from the local sheriff.

From time to time, undercover policemen come to the club and ask questions. They inquire about getting drunk or how much a girl might cost for the night. Like all customers, they are told they can't do or have either—that they may purchase a private lap dance, nothing more. Dancers may touch their clients, but clients may not touch the dancers. Rules are strictly observed and lewd conduct will not be tolerated. When it comes to escort services and dance clubs, Melfi says the *Crazy Horse Too* is the safest for the girls and offers them the chance to make the most money.

Outside, Melfi's DeLorean[1] glistens in the hot sun. It's a stellar example of an 81 model, with black interior. The windows are tinted. Unique to his car is a black-stripe sticker added to some of the cars by the company to enhance its look. Rare to most DeLoreans, Melfi's car has a factory-original, front windshield mounted radio antenna. It still works.

"I love this car," Melfi says. "I can't believe how many heads it turns."

Like many of us, he was drawn to the car because of its gullwings. He suggests we head to his home, and I hop in.

When it comes to escort services and dance clubs, Melfi says the Crazy Horse Too is the safest for the girls and offers them the chance to make the most money.

▲ *Crazy Horse Too dancers*

The DeLorean purrs to life and idles perfectly. Though I've driven a few, I'm always excited about riding in another. Melfi's DeLorean is pristine and his satisfaction is evident as we head out of Las Vegas along Blue Diamond Road.

Had I not come to see him today, Melfi says he would probably have gone to see *Chicago* at the Stardust. He enjoys the shows in Vegas and is disappointed that he missed Pavarotti's performance in Caesar's Palace recently.

The city stretches for miles. Beyond new and old Vegas, the dots of houses spread to the distant hills on the horizon. Melfi tells me that when he moved here in 1961, the population was 58,000. Now, it's approaching two million.

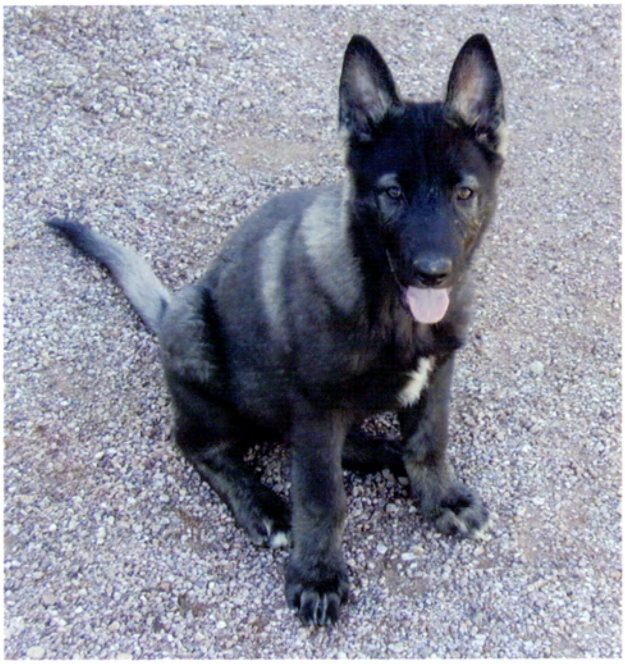
"Is there a water problem in Vegas," I ask thinking about my trip the day before to Hoover Dam where the water level of Lake Mead is noticeably low.

"There's going to be a very big problem," he says. "I think they're burying their heads in the sand about it. They have 5,000 people a month coming into Vegas and they're saying 'let's develop, let's develop, let's develop....' They're building homes as fast as they can, but they can't catch up."

Seventeen miles from the club away from the crowds and traffic, we pull into Melfi's ranch. A well taps a large underground river, allowing him to maintain a desert garden of Joshua trees and various cacti. An automatic feeder provides water and vitamins. He parks the DeLorean along a slender, one-story home with solar panels on the roof. Melfi tells me he lived here until he built the two-story log house that dominates his property.

Just before he opens the door, he warns me of the upcoming assault. "Come on!" he yells happily. Three puppies bolt out

▲ *Melfi's malamute puppies.*



▲ *Balto*

and begin running around us, yipping, jumping and panting excitedly.

"Look what they've done to my door," he says. "Always chewing, always chewing…."

The puppies are malamutes, a breed famous for their toughness and vigilance. These are the dogs used to pull sleds in Alaska. Melfi speaks to his puppies in affectionate tones. He tries to pet one but another charges in for attention.

"Boy are you jealous, I should call you *Jealousy*," he says sweetly and looks at me. "You try to pet one and the others don't like it. I have trouble petting all three at the same time."

"Why Malamutes?" I ask.

"I think they're more loyal," he says. "These dogs don't bite you. They do everything with their mouth, but it's not that they're trying to bite or hurt you."

He named his black pup Balto after the famous malamute that led a dog sled team through 53 miles of harsh weather to Nome, Alaska in 1925. After his owner Kassen could no longer see his way in a blizzard, Balto found the way through instinct. The team carried vital anti-toxin to combat a diphtheria outbreak that threatened to kill the children of Nome. The team almost died in the cold, and afterwards, when the story made national headlines, they were treated as heroes. After Balto died in 1933, he was mounted and resides in the Cleveland Museum of Natural History.

We walk along the property, occasionally playing with the dogs. Behind a fence, a horse stares lazily towards us. Seabiscuit[2] was his great grandsire, and he looks just like the small high-strung colt that beat War Admiral at the Pimilco Special[3] in 1938. Melfi owns two horses and has a passion for riding in his spare time.

Seabiscuit was his great grandsire.

The property is beautiful. Melfi is building an addition for the dogs, behind his horsebarn—a nice, big, dog-den arena for the pups to race around. Over the years, he has developed the property as his retreat from the business that is Vegas. I ask him if his work is desensitizing—whether it wears on him.

"I don't let it bother me," he says. "It's a job, and I do my job. Out here, I have another life with my horses and my pups. It's a lot of work and takes a lot of time to maintain. But it's relaxing. Sometimes I sit on the veranda with a glass of wine and just enjoy the peace and quiet. After all the noise and music, this is my outlet."

It's late when I enter the *Crazy Horse Too* again. I've never been one for strip clubs, but curiosity gets the better of me. I take a chair and order a beer. Colored lights move across the room and the music pulses. Unlike the morning, the club is packed at night, and men fill the chairs of the main hall.

A dancer with blond hair sits in my lap and tells me I have nice teeth. I thank her and ask her name.

"Cameron," she replies—her professional name, no doubt.

We talk briefly about her career as a dancer. Cameron says she plans to attend the University of Southern California next fall—that she has no desire to stay long in the business. She feels that the *Crazy Horse Too* is more respectable than other establishments in Vegas, and that full-nudity clubs are dirtier and the girls make less money.

Cameron tries to entice me to the Emperor's Room. The cost is a mere $100 for five songs, three minutes each. She winks that it's more private and comfortable. I decline, and she pouts her lips.

But she says, "You're interesting. When I get on break, I'm coming back to have a drink with you."

Within minutes, I meet Joy, an auburn-haired, curvy girl with pale blue eyes. She helps herself to my knee. "You have nice teeth," she says smiling seductively. "Has any one ever told you that?"

"Just Cameron a few minutes ago," I say, and Joy laughs, briefly embarrassed.

She recovers quickly with more compliments. She asks me if I'd like a dance and I respond yes—if she answers some questions.

"Okay," she says with an odd look.

"What's a good night for you here?" I ask.

"A good night is $500," she says which sounds like a great deal of money to me. Still, Melfi had told me that girls can make much more.

"And a slow night?"

"$200."

Crazy Horse Too Main Hall

Joy says that since both our names start with J that the next song is "our song" and, as promised, I relinquish to her rhythm of seduction for three minutes.

Joy

Afterwards, as I finish my beer, I begin to decide that this lifestyle is a little beyond me. Suddenly, a dancer sits down in the chair next to me.

"Whew," she says as she puts on her bikini top and pink sweatpants. "I'm glad I finally got a chance to move around up there."

Vivian is a blond in her early 30s with a beautiful smile and honest bearing. She had used her time on stage for a small workout. We talk briefly about her work. She likes people and tells me that she tries to be interested in her customers. Vivian has been a dancer for 11 years, and I'm amazed that her attitude is so positive.

Like most people, I realize I suffer from a stereotype of this profession.

Then, for a moment, Vivian looks at me deeply and says, "You look like Gabriel."

"What?" I ask surprised.

"You know, the angel," she says, visibly embarrassed. "It's something in your look; the way your hair comes down around your face."

At first I feel the compliment is the precursor of a sales pitch. An offer to dance or a $100 venture into the Emperor's Room. But Vivian makes no such proposal. Instead she smiles at me suddenly and extends her hand.

"It was nice to meet you," she says pleasantly and disappears into the girls' locker room.

The exchange makes me feel warm. She was sincere in her words. The experience is refreshing. That night I leave the *Crazy Horse Too* a little happier than when I came in. But not for the reason most assume.

---

[1] *VIN 1754*

[2] *Five generations out of Seabiscuit and seven generations out of the mighty Man O'War.*

[3] *It was nicknamed "The Greatest Match Race of the Century".*

Why owners in Richmond, Virginia save time and money when their repairs are done in Chatsworth, California...

More and more DeLorean owners are realizing how easy and economical it is to have their cars repaired by DeLorean One - no matter where they live in the country.

It's easy because we stop by with our custom made DeLorean transporter, pick up your car, bring it to our service center, repair it and return it. You won't have to drive it to a distant repair shop.

It's economical because the work is done right the first time - no if's, and's or but's.

So give us a call now - soon you'll be able to drive your car with confidence. Even in Richmond.

DELOREAN ONE

We ship all DeLorean parts and accessories anywhere in the world.
20229 Nordhoff Street, Chatsworth, CA 91311
24 hour toll free: 1-800-DMC-HELP
Local: 818-341-1796
International fax: 1-818-998-6381
Website: www.deloreanone.com
E-Mail: delone@pacbell.net

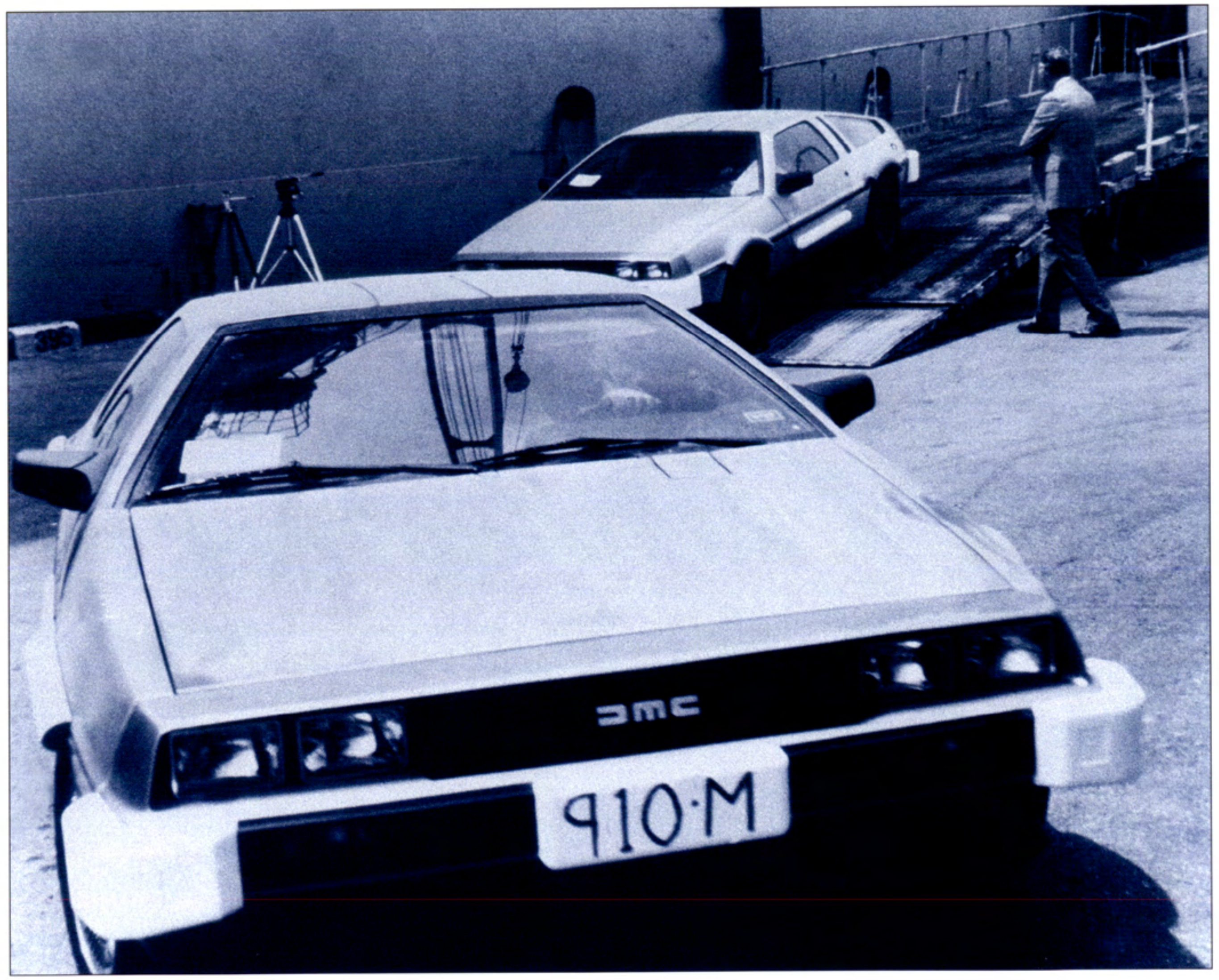
DISCOVER NOVUS VISA MasterCard AMERICAN EXPRESS Cards

It was May 22, 1979 when C. R. Brown—then Vice President of DeLorean Motor Company—empowered Pasha Industries to coordinate and negotiate the delivery of DeLorean automobiles[1].

THE PASHA REPORT

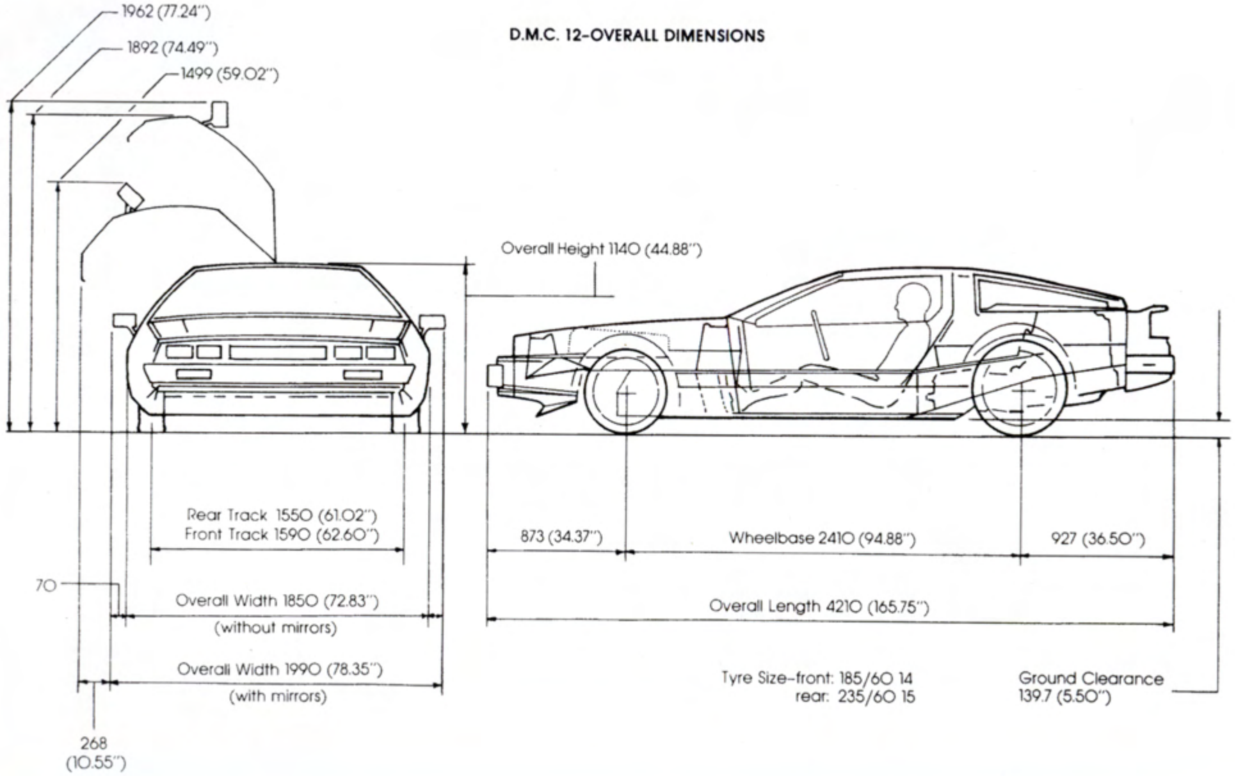
Graphics from *the DeLorean Logistics Project, provided by Paul Murray, former Traffic Superintendent of DMCL*

Six months later, on November 1, 1979, their findings were published in a document titled the DeLorean Logistics Project. In conversation, it increasingly became known as the Pasha Report.



The product for delivery, of course, was unlike any other. DeLoreans included "corrosion-free, stainless steel body panels" and "counter-balanced doors". For shipment purposes, the Pasha Report included parts, features and measurements of the car.

Pasha translated DMC's production hopes into shipping costs, detailing the most damageable aspects of DeLoreans. DMC proposed building four cars per day in July 1980. That number almost doubled each month with expectations of 60 DeLoreans a day in December 1980. If all went well, plans called for the staggering production of 80-100 cars a day in 1981.

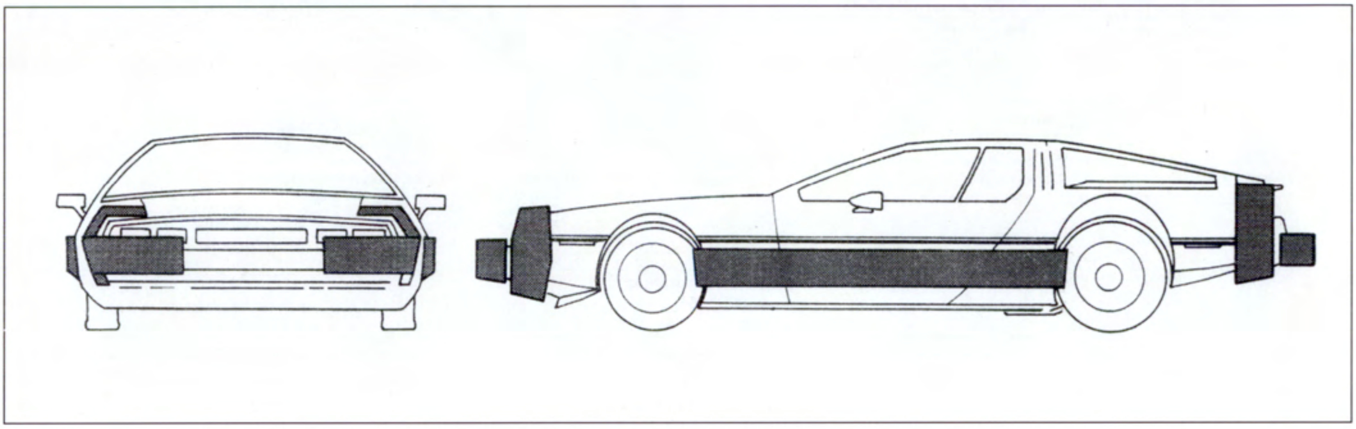

D.M.C. 12-OVERALL DIMENSIONS
1962 (77.24")
1892 (74.49")
1499 (59.02")
Overall Height 1140 (44.88")
Rear Track 1550 (61.02")
Front Track 1590 (62.60")
873 (34.37")
Wheelbase 2410 (94.88")
927 (36.50")
70
Overall Width 1850 (72.83")
(without mirrors)
Overall Length 4210 (165.75")
Overall Width 1990 (78.35")
(with mirrors)
Tyre Size–front: 185/60 14
rear: 235/60 15
Ground Clearance
139.7 (5.50")
268
(10.55")

Wheelbase	*95 inches*	**Ground Clearance**	*5.50 inches nominal*
Track F/R	*62.60 inches/61.02 inches*	**Curb Weight**	2,250 pounds
Length	*165.75 inches*	**Weight Distribution**	*37% Front – 63% Rear*
Width	Without mirrors: *72.83 inches* With mirrors: *78.35 inches*	**Door Height (fully extended)**	*77.24 inches*
Height	*44.88 inches*	**Cubic Measurement**	*9.55 CM with Mirrors* *8.77 CM Less Mirrors*

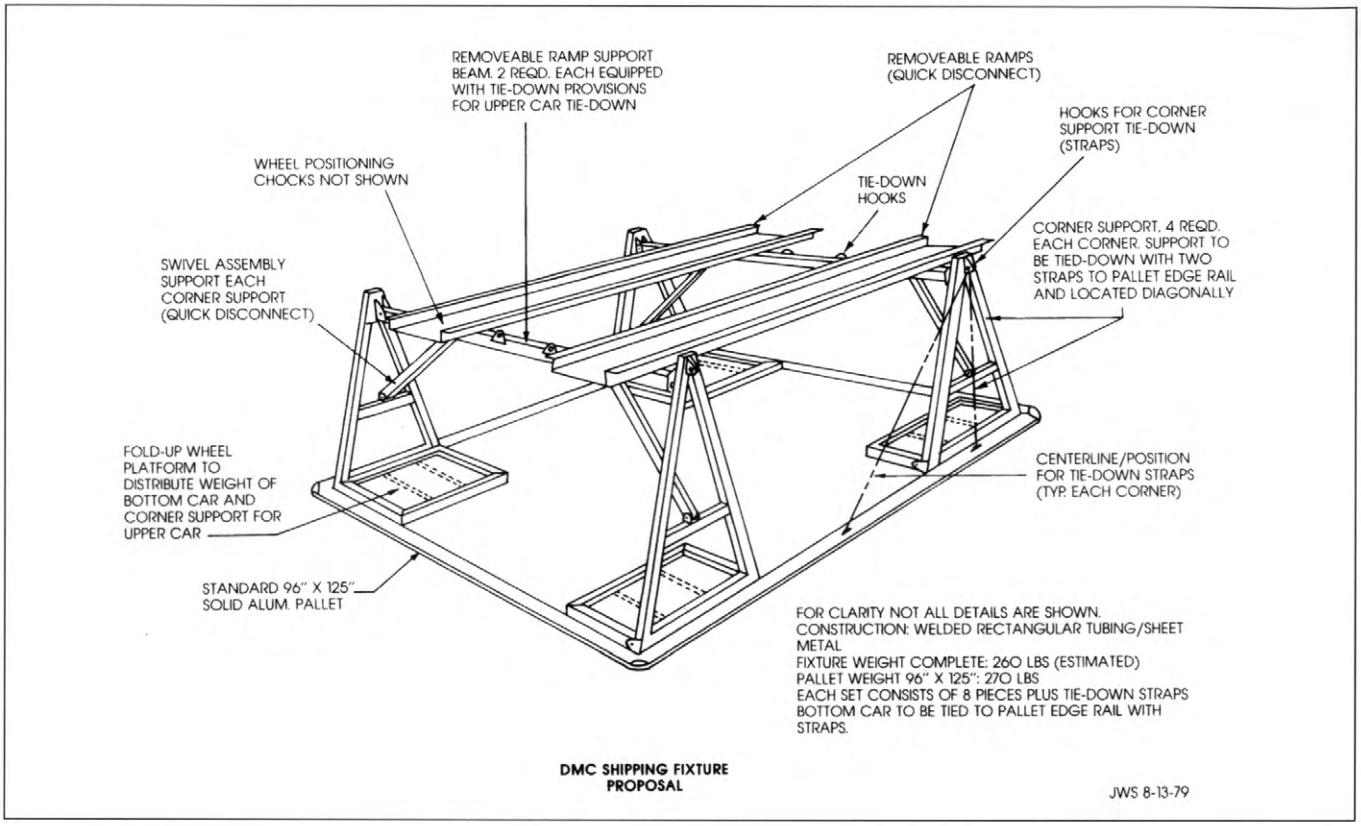
Pasha concluded that the body corners and bumper centers were most susceptible to damage along with the body midline, the driver's seat, driver's door kick panel and driver's side transmission tunnel carpet.

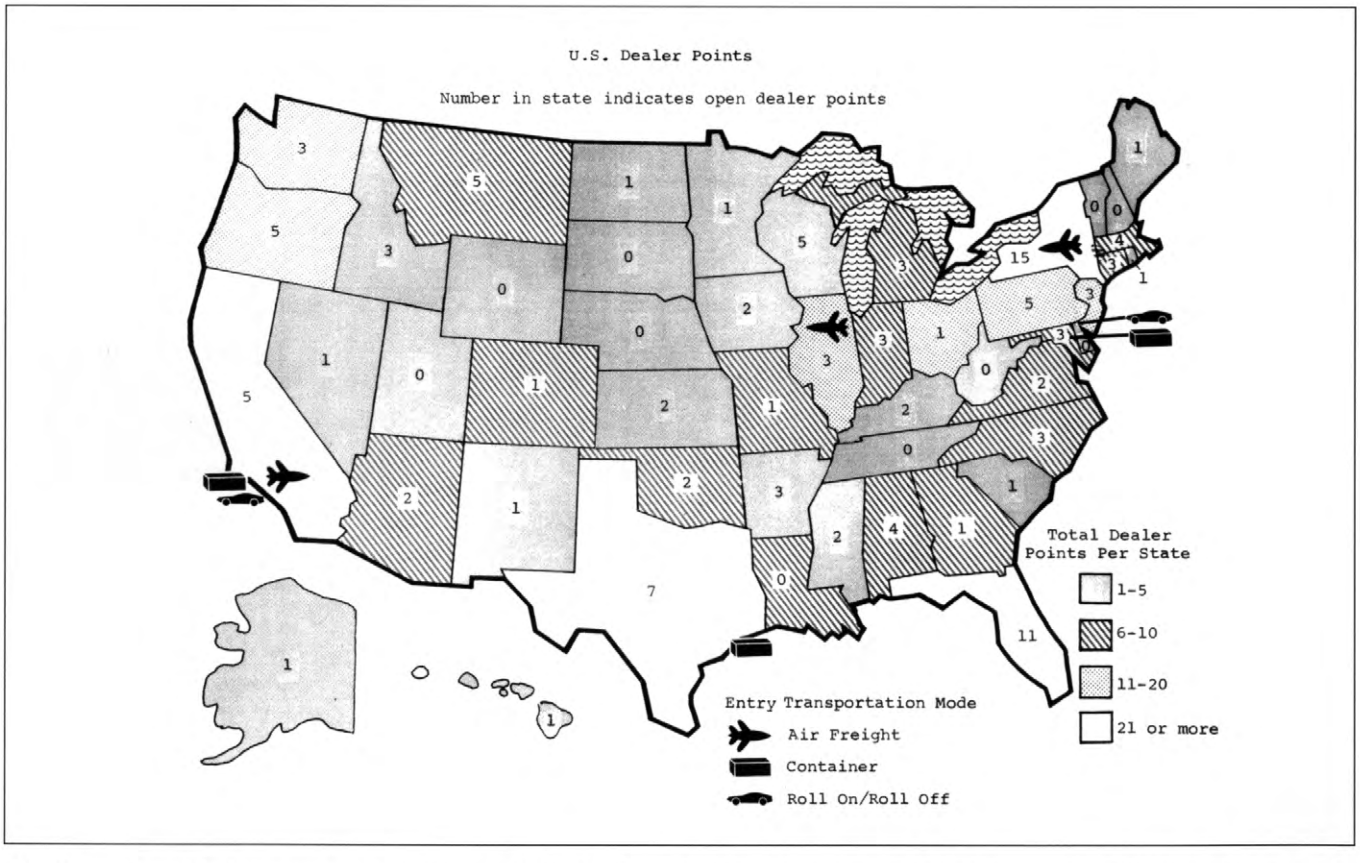
Conventional insurance was difficult to apply to DeLoreans. Repair of stainless steel panels caused by shipment alone cost three times the amount of other cars. Pasha estimated that shipping DeLoreans would cost an average of $50 to $80 per car in damage even though information was limited on containerized automobile movement.

The report listed Mercedes-Benz and Volvo as suffering a 30-35% damage incidence—mostly scratches and dings. These cars, however, did not have the foam-panel packaging that Pasha suggested and they



6912 A
7099 M


REMOVEABLE RAMP SUPPORT BEAM. 2 REQD. EACH EQUIPPED WITH TIE-DOWN PROVISIONS FOR UPPER CAR TIE-DOWN
REMOVEABLE RAMPS (QUICK DISCONNECT)
HOOKS FOR CORNER SUPPORT TIE-DOWN (STRAPS)
WHEEL POSITIONING CHOCKS NOT SHOWN
TIE-DOWN HOOKS
CORNER SUPPORT, 4 REQD. EACH CORNER. SUPPORT TO BE TIED-DOWN WITH TWO STRAPS TO PALLET EDGE RAIL AND LOCATED DIAGONALLY
SWIVEL ASSEMBLY SUPPORT EACH CORNER SUPPORT (QUICK DISCONNECT)
FOLD-UP WHEEL PLATFORM TO DISTRIBUTE WEIGHT OF BOTTOM CAR AND CORNER SUPPORT FOR UPPER CAR
CENTERLINE/POSITION FOR TIE-DOWN STRAPS (TYP. EACH CORNER)
STANDARD 96" X 125" SOLID ALUM. PALLET
FOR CLARITY NOT ALL DETAILS ARE SHOWN.
CONSTRUCTION: WELDED RECTANGULAR TUBING/SHEET METAL
FIXTURE WEIGHT COMPLETE: 260 LBS (ESTIMATED)
PALLET WEIGHT 96" X 125": 270 LBS
EACH SET CONSISTS OF 8 PIECES PLUS TIE-DOWN STRAPS
BOTTOM CAR TO BE TIED TO PALLET EDGE RAIL WITH STRAPS.
DMC SHIPPING FIXTURE PROPOSAL
JWS 8-13-79


U.S. Dealer Points
Number in state indicates open dealer points
3
5
5
3
5
1
0
0
1
0
1
0
2
1
1
2
2
1
5
3
15
3
4
3
1
3
5
3
1
0
2
2
0
3
1
2
4
1
0
7
11
1
1
Total Dealer Points Per State
1-5
6-10
11-20
21 or more
Entry Transportation Mode
Air Freight
Container
Roll On/Roll Off

▲ *An early model of shipment methods listed in the Pasha Report. Notice the ambition to fly DeLoreans into California, Illinois and New York. The latter boasted 15 dealer points while Montana only five—as many as California where a large percentage of DeLoreans exist today.*

pointed out that the areas in which most cars suffered minor damage were exactly the places they proposed to protect.

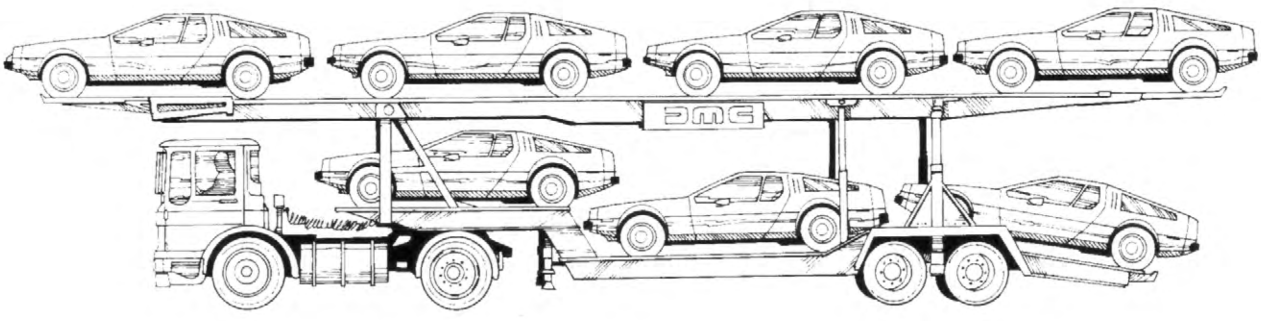
The proposals of the Pasha Report paved the way for the Roll On/Roll Off model. Air freight was all but abandoned. In the end, while shipments were the most cost effective, workers at the Quality Assurance Centers had their hands full repairing and modifying DeLoreans once they arrived in the United States. Like most businesses, the strategy improved as time passed—but with the bankruptcy of DMC in 1982, the transport model was never perfected.

If all went well, plans called for the staggering production of 80-100 cars a day in 1981.

---

[1] See Volume 1, No. 4, Summer 2004 issue of dw magazine, *Delivering DeLoreans* by Fearghal McKinney

Road transport was to consist of six to seven DeLoreans per standard rig. The figure was determined at Lotus Cars in Norwich using the Fiberglass shells they had built in the earliest days of design. Notice that the DeLoreans in the image all resemble the original prototype models.



Coming…

2005

© 2004 DELOREAN OWNERS ASSOCIATION INC.

dw magazine

Travel • Technical • Lifestyle

SASCHA SKUCEK
Editor

JAN DETANNA
Design/Production
Creative Link, 2902 Mountain Pine Drive, La Crescenta, CA 91214 818.957.1976

TONY HILGER
Magazine Director
tonyhilger@cox.net 949.218.2058

CAROL BOHN, NATALIE HUFF, RICHARD MAHER, JOANNAH PURNELL
Contributing Editors

ED BERNSTEIN, TONY HILGER, ROBERT LAMROCK, SASCHA SKUCEK,
JON SPURLIN, JOHN WALK, JOHN WOLCOTT
Contributing Writers

ROBERT LAMROCK, PAUL MURRAY
Research

GERRY COE, PATRICIA COLLINS, TONY HILGER, SASCHA SKUCEK,
JOHN WALK, ROBERT WILSON, JOHN WOLCOTT, ALEX WOLFF
Photographers

Contributing Photographic Sources:
Coe Photographic Art, www.gerrycoe.co.uk, The Crazy Horse Too,
Greater Boston Convention & Visitors Bureau

Advertising:
JAMES HALES, 2651 Altamira Drive, West Covina, CA 91792 626.965.5190

Products:
THE DELOREAN STORE, 1617 Del Valle Avenue, Glendale, CA 91208 805.641.3161

Cover:
PATRICIA COLLINS
Patricia Collins Photography, State College, PA 814.404.5070

Models:
JESSICA

DeLorean Automobile:
MARK SHEARER, Milton, PA

Cover Concept:
SASCHA SKUCEK, NATALIE HUFF, JESSICA SEPRISH

Membership/Subscriber Service:
JOHN TRUSCOTT
DeLorean Owners Association, 879 Randolph Road, Santa Barbara, CA 93111 805.964.5296

editor's comments

by Sascha Skucek

Our beloved Ed: kicked to the curb and cooling off after the coup–bowing the wrong way.

There's been a coup d'etat. The mighty Ed Bernstein has stepped down and passed on the reigns of *dw magazine.* Dogmatic to some, unapproachable to others, perfectionist to his clients and fiercely loyal to the DeLorean Owners Association, Ed has given his life to promote our cars when he could have retired 22 years ago.

I remember our first telephone exchange in August 2002. Ed was standoffish and possessed an annoying ability to control the conversation by answering every question with a question. It became clear that he required I earn his respect—after our tedious but brief discussion, it became clear he would have to earn mine as well.

He did. And over the course of the last three issues of dw, I watched him increasingly devote his time to the magazine and the Association—time he took away from his business, his personal life and his precious, beauty sleep. It has always been his goal to elevate DeLoreans beyond the class they've enjoyed so far.

As a DeLorean owner, I have always been grateful to him for that. I've owned my little, black pilot car for almost three years. And yet, even now, when I look around, I can't find a car I like more. Once in a while, after I've taken it for granted and see it parked in my garage—the serenity of the square lights and slender arc of its body—I am suddenly filled with an electric chill throughout my body, as if I were looking at it again for the first time. There is a bond I can not explain. And it is strong.

Throughout my nine-month journey around America, I was often asked why I decided to travel in a DeLorean—a preproduction car, no less, that belonged in some dusty museum. Looking back now, the answer was obvious. It was for the experience, for the adventure. It was for my life, for my mind many years from now when I've become old and nestled in a rocking chair. Creaking back and forth, I will always have the warmth and gratitude of the memory.

I've seen dozens of DeLoreans in my travels and never met a DeLorean owner I didn't like. I've marveled at the first production car in Cleveland and the twin turbo engine at DeLorean One. In Nevada, Bill Yacobozzi granted me the honor of sitting in John DeLorean's first prototype. And in Texas, I stared adoringly at the gold car behind the glass in Snyder National Bank. I spoke with former employees of DeLorean Motor Company like Jim Bates, Doug Patterson, and C.R. Brown. In the end, John DeLorean himself. I thanked him for it all. He nodded his welcome.

He told me he liked my black-painted car. And I told him I drove it through winds in Chicago, the Redwood forests of the Northwest, the fog of San Francisco, heavy rains and lightning storms, dry plains, hot deserts and muggy swamps, snow and one heavy blizzard in the Rocky Mountains where I blinded to a stop on top of Wolf's Pass at two o'clock in the morning.

The experiences have been endless and rewarding. Every DeLorean owner I've met has stories. They have pictures. And I have a favor to ask of you. Write me a letter. Give me a call. Tell me your DeLorean stories, your adventures and passions. Share them with us at *dw magazine*, and thereby share them with the world.

Sascha Skucek, Editor
20229 Nordhoff Street
Chatsworth, CA 91311
814-237-4692
thesound@thefury.net

Text: Ed Bernstein
DeLorean One, Chatsworth, CA

BEYOND PADS & ROTORS

All too often, DeLorean owners address brake concerns after they hear squeals, chirps, grinding or growls coming from somewhere when they apply brakes on their cars. It seems like a normal response to me; but 23-year-old daily drivers and show cars should receive a more in-depth brake system evaluation.

Oil is the life's blood of an engine, and brake fluid has a comparable role to the braking system. With insufficient fluid, it's a catastrophe waiting to happen. When you least expect it, a child will run across the street, a bicycle will suddenly appear, someone will cut you off or stop without notice or apparent reason in front of you. You'll slam on the brake pedal to stop but end up six inches too far and into an accident.

So why?

When a driver presses the brake pedal, the resulting action is the application of pressured brake fluid to the disc brake calipers. The caliper pistons force the brake pads against the rotors. If brake fluid is the blood of the hydraulic system, then brake lines and hoses are the arteries and veins of the brake system. The lines and hoses should not be pinched, corroded or damaged in any manner because such conditions restrict the flow of the brake fluid from the master cylinder to the caliper of each wheel.

When DeLorean automobiles left the factory, they were filled exclusively with DOT 4 brake fluid. Castrol GTLMA is the correct brake fluid to install when repairing, refurbishing or replacing hydraulic components in the braking system. Brake lines are made of steel with corrosion resistant plating on the external surfaces. The lines are secured to the chassis at various locations to prevent vibration and movement. If they aren't secured correctly, the steel lines can rub against the frame or ancillary components, leading to fracture damage and possible fluid pressure loss.

Our flexible hoses are constructed with special, reinforced rubber with an abrasion-cuff spring. This protects the hose along the length of the exposed surface. One end of the hose connects to a steel line and the other to the brake caliper. As the wheels move along the roadway, the rubber hoses move and flex with the vibrations and movement of the chassis.

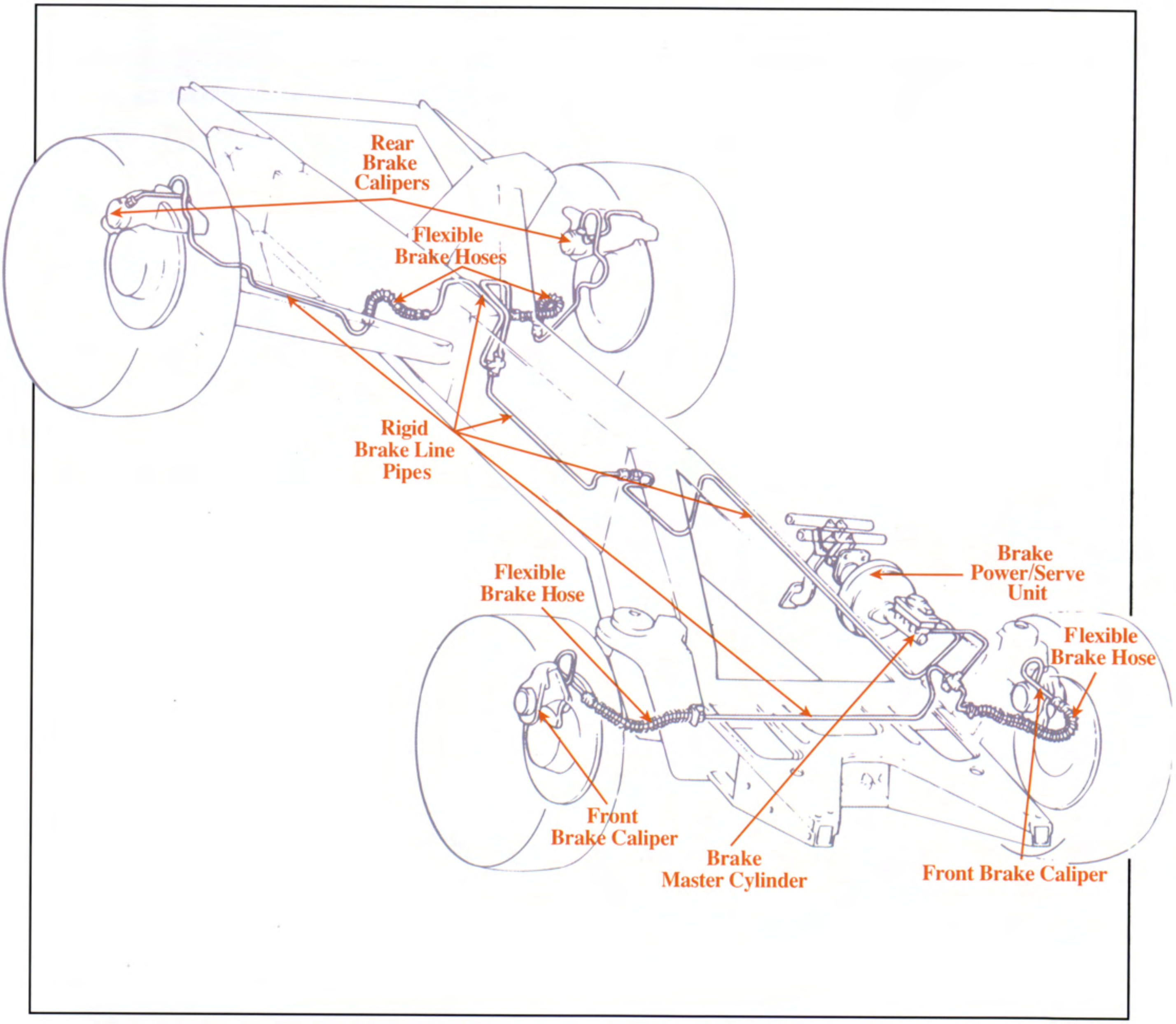
DeLorean brake lines should be examined for physical damage, abrasion and corrosion with each oil change. If any damage is apparent, the line or hose should be replaced.

The hoses should not move when the brakes are applied. If movement is noticed, the hoses should be closely examined and replaced if necessary. Inspect the surface for cracks, scuffs, wear or other physical damage. Replace the hose immediately if the protective casing has been damaged in any manner. Failure to do so can result in the eventual deterioration in the wall of the hose and sudden loss of brake function.

Replace broken areas with a new hose assembly. Use a wrench to prevent damage to the

BEYOND PADS & ROTORS

threads. Connect the new hoses at both connection fittings and torque to factory specifications. After installing the hose, bleed the brake system to remove all air and possible fluid contamination.


Rear Brake Calipers
Flexible Brake Hoses
Rigid Brake Line Pipes
Flexible Brake Hose
Brake Power/Serve Unit
Flexible Brake Hose
Front Brake Caliper
Brake Master Cylinder
Front Brake Caliper

Back to Belfast
EUROFEST 2006

Story: Robert Lamrock
Photos: Gerry Coe

Preparing for 2006: A gathering of Ireland's DeLorean owners.

If you missed the previous conventions in Belfast (1993, 1997, 2001) then make a date for the next one – May 25th to May 28th 2006. Where better to celebrate the official 25th anniversary of our famous stainless steel gullwing. Belfast is now firmly established as a "must see" city and is becoming internationally recognized as a great place for a night out or a weekend break. There are even better travel connections opening up with direct flights starting soon on Continental Airlines from New York to Belfast and more direct flights from Europe than ever before. *www.gotobelfast.com*

Eurofest 2006 will be the biggest international gathering of DeLorean owners and enthusiasts from around the world.

There will be the usual visits to the Ulster Folk & Transport museum to see the original Giugiaro wooden mock-up, and of course the obligatory guided visit around the factory at Dunmurry where it all began. The test track is still there (despite rumors to the contrary) and everyone will get a chance to drive or be driven around this famous track or fly in a helicopter overhead. There will be civic functions in recognition of our Silver Jubilee, receptions, banquets, scenic tours, technical seminars, a concours competition, a product fair and much much more…

If you've been before – what's different this time? Negotiations are currently underway to ship one of the 24K gold plated DeLoreans from the USA to Belfast as part of a major exhibition. There will be an opportunity for delegates who bring their DeLorean to Eurofest

2006 to have a special time trial which will determine the fastest DeLorean in the world – well Europe anyway! Maybe you're a pinball wizard–if so, you'll fancy your chances in an exclusive Back to the Future pinball tournament in association with Universal Studios. And there's more…

There are now 50 DeLoreans in Ireland and their owners promise you exceptional hospitality. At a recent meeting a number of ideas were put forward that would make this 25th anniversary extra special. A professional event management company has also been recruited to assist us in organizing every detail of Eurofest 2006.

The DeLorean Owners Association is proud to support this landmark occasion and with the support of DeLorean Owners in Ireland your visit to Belfast in 2006 certainly will be a memorable one.

Email: *eurofest2006@aol.com*

DeLorean Motor Company, (Texas) • 15023 Eddie Drive • Humble, Texas 77396 • (281) 441-2537 • (800) USA-DMC1

800-USA-DMC1

DMC

www.delorean.com

DISCOVER NOVUS VISA MasterCard AMERICAN EXPRESS Cards

DMC Tee Shirts:
1. Women's Capped Sleeve Tee, Black-S, M, L, XL, $15.95
2. Women's Capped Sleeve Tee, White-S, M, L, XL, $15.95
3. DeLorean Motif Black Tee-S, M, L, XL, $18.95; XXL, $20.95
4. Grey DeLorean Silhouette Polo-S, M, L, XL, XXL, $32.95
5. DMC Black Polo-S, M, L, XL, XXL, $32.95; XXXL, $34.95
6. DeLorean "Staff" Tee-S, M, L, XL, XXL, $15.95; XXXL, $18.95

140mph Speedometer:
7. Recalibrated to 140mph, $199.00

Seat Cover Kits:
8. Black Seat Cover Kit, $699 pair
9. Grey Seat Cover Kit, $699 pair
Complete seats and hardware available, just call!

Stainless Steel Illusion:
10. DeLorean: Stainless Steel Illusion, $39.95
Updated Second Edition.

1/24th Scale DeLorean Models:
11. 1/24th Scale Stock DeLorean Model, $13.95
12. 1/24th Scale "Back to the Future" Model, $13.95
13. 1/24th Scale "Back to the Future II" Model, $13.95
14. 1/24th Scale "Back to the Future III" Model, $13.95

1/18th Scale DeLorean Models:
15. 1/18th Scale Stock DeLorean Model, $29.95
16. 1/18th Scale Gold Edition DeLorean Model, $29.95

Shocks and Springs Kit:
17. Total Suspension Upgrade, $699.00
Shocks and Springs sold separately, just call!

DMC Embroidered Floor Mats:
18. Heavy Duty and Stain Resistant, Black or Grey $139.50 pair

DeLorean Christmas "2004" Ornament:
19. Handfinished, genuine pewter, limited edition ornament $24.95

DMC Logo Leather Band Watches:
20. Women's Multi-featured DMC Logo Watch, $195.00
21. Men's Multi-featured DMC Logo Watch, $195.00

Stainless Steel Car Care Kit Includes:
22. Stainless Steel Car Shampoo,
Stainless Steel Cleaner/Sealer
Rubber, Leather Vinyl Protector,
Stainless Steel Blending Pad, $49.90
All items available separately, just call!

Purflux Oil Filter Kit:
23. 6-pk. filters, 6 seal washers included, $68.95

DeLorean Keychain:
24. Solid Pewter, Great detail! $14.95

DMC Ignition Key:
25. Reproduction Ignition Key Blank, $12.95

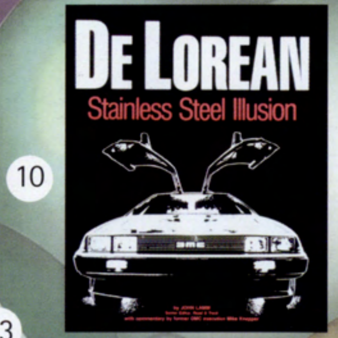
Coffee Mug:
26. DeLorean Coffee Mug $6.95

DMC Cap:
27. Size Adjustable DMC Logo Cap, $17.95

DMC Logo License Plate:
28. DMC Logo Plate, $12.95

DeLorean Bra:
29. Carbon Fiber-look, Fitted for DeLorean, $134.95

1
4
2
5
3
STAFF
DeLorean Motor Company
6



10
DE LOREAN
Stainless Steel Illusion

13
15
DE LOREAN DMC-12
TIME MACHINE
TIME MACHINE
TIME MACHINE
16
11
12
14

17
The Choice of Champions!
Eibach SPRINGS
PRO-KIT
Unleash the Power

19
CHRISTMAS "2004"
COLLECTIBLE LIMITED EDITION
DELOREAN ORNAMENT

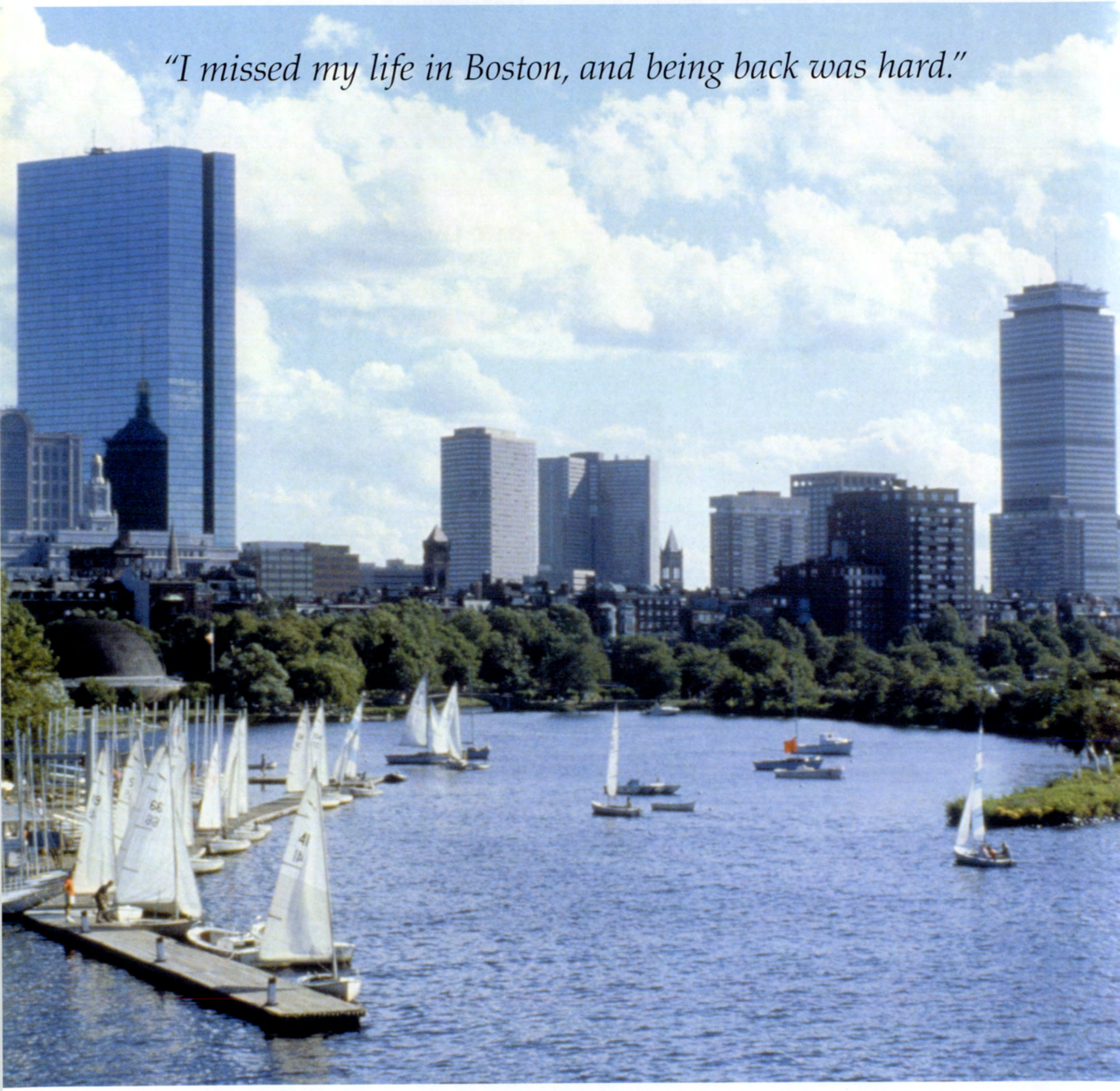
20
21
DMC
DMC

22
Keep Your DeLorean Beautiful
STAINLESS STEEL
CAR CARE KIT

24
www.delorean.com
800-USA-DMC1
25
DMC

27
DMC
28
DMC

All this and thousands of other items available. **Call** or just **visit us online!**



"I missed my life in Boston, and being back was hard."

▲ *John Hancock and Prudential Towers overlooking the Charles River*

Story: Sascha Skucek
Photos: Sascha Skucek, Boston Tourist Bureau

The BOSTON Measure

I felt Sheila's unflinching gaze from the passenger seat. All the experiences I had to talk about, all the nuances quickly faded from my mind—replaced with questions I couldn't answer.

Over the years, I'd lost contact with her. Sheila was always lousy about staying in touch. The fact that I knew her at all was thanks to her warm mannerisms and enthusiastic face-to-face encounters. We met through friends of friends and saw each other on weekends during parties, bar-hopping or a local concert in downtown Boston.

She would smile and hug me tightly. Her blond hair smelled like jasmine. Her blue eyes would sparkle, and she'd pause to ask how I was. She'd urge me to the dance floor. I'd refuse. She would pout and sulk away. Then she would dance as though a fire burned inside her, almost entranced. She ignored the eyes of men and their pick-up lines. When the evenings ended amidst shouts and laughter, she'd tell me to call her. And there it would end until we all met as a group again. She rarely answered her cell phone. She never called back. And by the last six months I lived in Boston, I didn't see her at all.

▲ *Heading into Boston*

Now, almost two years later, she sat across from me as my DeLorean rested on the bank of the Charles River. The lights of Waltham twinkled in the distance. The gullwings were open and the sweet, summer air blew gently through the cabin.

"I feel uninspired," I said. "Not tired. Just not happy."

I missed my life in Boston, and being back was hard. Suddenly, I felt Sheila had let me do the talking on purpose—she was a psychologist and the reminder made me feel like I was wallowing in her office. I shut up and looked straight into her eyes. A half-smile formed on her lips.

She said, "Let me tell you a secret about happiness."

The day before my friend Ben and I had stopped to pay the toll on I-90 near Waltham, intersecting I-95. Driver's side gullwing open, Ben leaned over expectantly and we both grinned at the attendant, waiting for his inevitable remark as I handed him a dollar.

"Is that a DeLorean?" he asked, a sly smile on his face.

"Why yes it is," I answered, and we pulled away slowly. I won the bet again.

Ben shook his head, "It's so stupid. They ask every time."

"Shh!" I said impatiently with my index finger in the air. "It's music time."

With a flick of the power button, the CD player faded into a rush of cymbals and trumpets blared the theme from *Back to the Future.* I hit the gas.

The DeLorean surged ahead and we weaved into the traffic, faster and faster, first in the left lane, then right, past a Toyota, a Honda and then a Ford until the speedometer needle maxed out at 85mph. Still the DeLorean pushed farther into the unknown.

I eased off as we approached Newton and scanned for unmarked police cruisers. Saying he couldn't stand it any more, Ben turned off the music, and I protested, lecturing him on pleasing themes by Alan Silvestri.

Our squabble was interrupted when a black, convertible Eclipse passed us to the left. A young girl—her brunette hair flying in the wind—looked excitedly towards us from the passenger side.

"What are you doing?" Ben asked as the Eclipse increased its gap ahead. "Get up there."

I down-shifted and gained ground. We approached with stealth and passed the Eclipse, faces forward as though unaware of the other car's presence at all. In my mirror I could see the two girls talking.

Soon the Eclipse passed us again and its passengers pretended to ignore us. Neck and neck on I-90, we disappeared into the tunnel under the Prudential Tower in Boston.

"Take the exit," Ben reminded me and we passed the Eclipse on the right. Ben waved. The girls waved back, and we disappeared around the bend of the tunnel and emerged in Copley Square.

A few minutes later we pulled into the parking lot of Jacob Wirth in Boston's theater district. For 136 years, the well-known restaurant has offered its customers a fine variety of German victuals, from Wiener schnitzel to Bratwurst, sauerkraut, potato salad and a selection of beers on tap.

This Saturday evening, as Ben and I shared a sausage sampler, Jacob Wirth's bar was busier than usual. A bustle of people watched the Belmont Stakes to see if Smarty Jones could be the first horse to win the Triple Crown in 26 years. Only 11 horses accomplished that

Jake Wirth's SPECIAL DARK

▲ *Lunch with Ben at Jacob Wirth*

feat in history, including the mighty War Admiral whose greater claim to fame became his loss to Seabiscuit in 1938.

Shouts of excitement echoed throughout the hall as Smarty Jones entered the final stretch in the lead. The horse had become a people's favorite, more popular even than last year's Funny Cide who had been in the same position only to lose the Triple Crown. Gasps were heard as Smarty Jones seemed to lose steam. His jockey, Stewart Elliot looked back and saw Birdstone bearing down on him. Elliot knew the race was over before Birdstone passed him to cross the finish line. The crowd booed. Even Birdstone's owners felt sorry. Winning jockey Edgar Prado apologized to an agitated Elliot after the race.

"I'm very sorry for all the connections for Smarty Jones, but I had to do my job," Prado said. "This is part of the business, and I'm very sorry it had to be me."

Prado was not unused to crashing parties. At the same race two years ago, he had ridden 70-1 shot Sarava to thwart then-favorite War Emblem from a Triple Crown bid.

Ben watched the race with mouth open. I didn't know he cared in the least about horse racing. He was the last of our inner circle to stay in New England. Patrick had left for Chicago, Matt for Washington D.C.—I had gone to California. Now, Ben lived alone without television in Hudson, northwest of Boston and close to his engineering job. Earlier in the year, an injury left him virtually without the use of his arms—he couldn't drive long distances, lift heavy things or make use of a computer for any significant time. Aggravation caused painful inflammation in his forearms. Doctors diagnosed his condition as Bilateral Epicondylitus[1]. He was in therapy for months now, but the healing was slow and depressing. When he did make progress, some mild stresses or activity would cause a relapse. He spent his time lonely and guilty, wondering how things *could have, would have, should have* been. If he had only exercised more or caught the initial signs of his condition, he would be happier somehow. His girlfriend had just finished her degree at Harvard and planned to continue her PhD studies in Chicago. He would face some life-changing decisions very soon.

▲ *Boston brownstones*

After the early dinner, Ben and I walked to Copley Square, past the Old South Church, past the cafes, gourmet eateries and art galleries, to the Boston Public Library. The Prudential Tower loomed over the square and I suggested we take a ride to the top. Despite living in Boston for years, neither of us had ever been inside.

Built in 1964, the Tower rises 750 feet. An enclosed deck on the 50th floor offers tourists a 360° view of the city for $9.50. In spite of its authoritative place in the skyline, the Prudential Tower is not the tallest building in Boston. That honor goes to the 792-foot John Hancock Tower nearby.

From the observation deck I scanned the city, watching the little boats sail on the Charles River. I saw Waltham in the west where we'd all first lived in 2000. To the north, the old architecture of Cambridge was distinguishable. I looked at South Boston where we'd lived almost two years and then further on to Quincy where I had worked. All the years I had lived here I yearned to leave. Now, I felt melancholy—missing the place I once called home.

QUINCY MARKET
NORTH MARKET

"You know," I said. "I left Boston to escape the 40-hour week, the nine to five, the suits and ties and mindless, dream-crushing beaucracies of the business world. I spent a year driving around the United States. The further I drove, the more I found myself measuring my new life against the life I had here in Boston. Here I built something worthwhile. I had friends, connections, money, goals—I never realized how much fun it all was until I looked back. Now it seems that I'm looking at the world all over again without savings, without health insurance, wondering what I should do—where I should go. I don't have the security and discipline you have. In spite of the injury to your arms, I've always been jealous of you and your stability."

Ben shot me a glance of surprise and looked towards Southie. He leaned forward and gazed down to the streets below.

"The thing is, I've always been jealous of your nerve," he said. "You have a way of setting your sights on the clouds and then reaching out to them. You have a way of dreaming and then manifesting your vision. You bought a prototype DeLorean before you could comfortably afford it. You quit your job and traveled around the country with it. You made it work. I never had the spirit to put myself out there. Somewhere inside, you've always known what you wanted and how to make it happen."

We looked at each other for a moment.

"It's not a prototype[2]," I said. "It's a pilot[3] DeLorean."

"Right, a pilot," Ben said and saluted. "Permission to come aboard, sir!"

◀ *Fanueil Hall*

Ben's cell phone interrupted us. I walked to the west end and watched the beginning of the sunset on the horizon. Ben came to watch it with me a few minutes later.

"G's in town," he said referring to his girl-friend by her pet name. "Sheila's with her. They want to know if we'd like to meet them in Waltham—look at the ducks or something—maybe go to Watch City[4]."

The name surprised me. I'd put Sheila in the back of my mind a lifetime ago. But in agreement, we left the Prudential Center, walked back to the car and drove out of the city.

"What is that?" Sheila exclaimed with surprise when we arrived and opened the gullwings. Sheila had been so distant by the end of my stay in Boston that she'd missed the hubbub of my car purchase altogether. And, apparently, no one had told her.

"I know what this is" I said. "This is an espresso machine."

"No no no," Ben said patting the roof. "It's a snow cone maker."

I shot a glance to Ben and grinned. "Is it a water heater?"

Our reference to Arnold Schwarzenegger in *True Lies* was completely missed by the girls. After 21 years, Ben and I had created a wide selection of private jokes that only we could decipher—and apparently only we found funny.

"It's a DeLorean," G said and rolled her eyes.

"A DeLorean," Sheila repeated and flashed the cute smile I hadn't seen in so long. Her hair was much longer now, down well beyond her shoulders.

The hugs and kisses and small talk commenced. Sheila still smelled like jasmine. The approaching night made it difficult to see any ducks waddling along the Charles River and Ben and G soon made their excuses to take a long walk along the bank and do some star gazing.

Sheila was new to my car and my experiences post-Boston. She wanted to know everything. She listened as I spoke about the history of DeLoreans, as I recounted my travels with enthusiasm and about my desire to attend grad school in Pennsylvania.

▲ *Charles River*

And she listened more closely when I lamented about the crossroads my life had reached—about the Boston experience I missed and remembered so fondly. By the end of my rant, with Venus brightly visible in the sky, I felt mildly embarrassed with less and less to say.

Here she smiled and said, "Let me tell you a secret about happiness. It's not some distant trophy, awarded only to the courageous. It's a choice—a deliberate perception of the mind."

Waltham twinkled in the distance. The gullwings were open and the sweet, summer air blew gently through the cabin.

At first Sheila seemed to be delving into psychological speak. But something in her words sounded deeper.

"Sometimes, your mind plays little tricks on you," she continued. "It says everything was better in retrospect because the worry and fear you felt in the past is forgotten. The happy times you remember more strongly."

She looked around quickly and lowered her voice to a whisper. "And the secret is—if you've lost or forgotten what it means to be happy—*give* happiness to another person. Even the simplest of minds will understand it can not give something away unless it *has* something to give in the first place."

"I should give others the peace of mind I'm looking for?" I asked. "That's how it works?"

"Yup," she nodded and gave me a devilish grin. "Shall we go for a swim?"

"A swim? Here?" I asked.

"Yeah."

"In the Charles River?"

"In the Charles River."

"Is that safe?"

"I'm sure the piranha will only take small, love bites, come on," she said pulling off her shoes. She got out of the car and walked towards the bank.

"I meant, is it clean?"

Sheila dropped her blouse in the grass creating a line of clothes from the DeLorean to the water line.

"I'll tell you in just one second," she said and ventured slowly into the river. The light of the moon speckled across the water and reflected off her bare back as Sheila turned to look at me. She was still smiling.

"Do you live only for safety?"

"No," I said quietly.

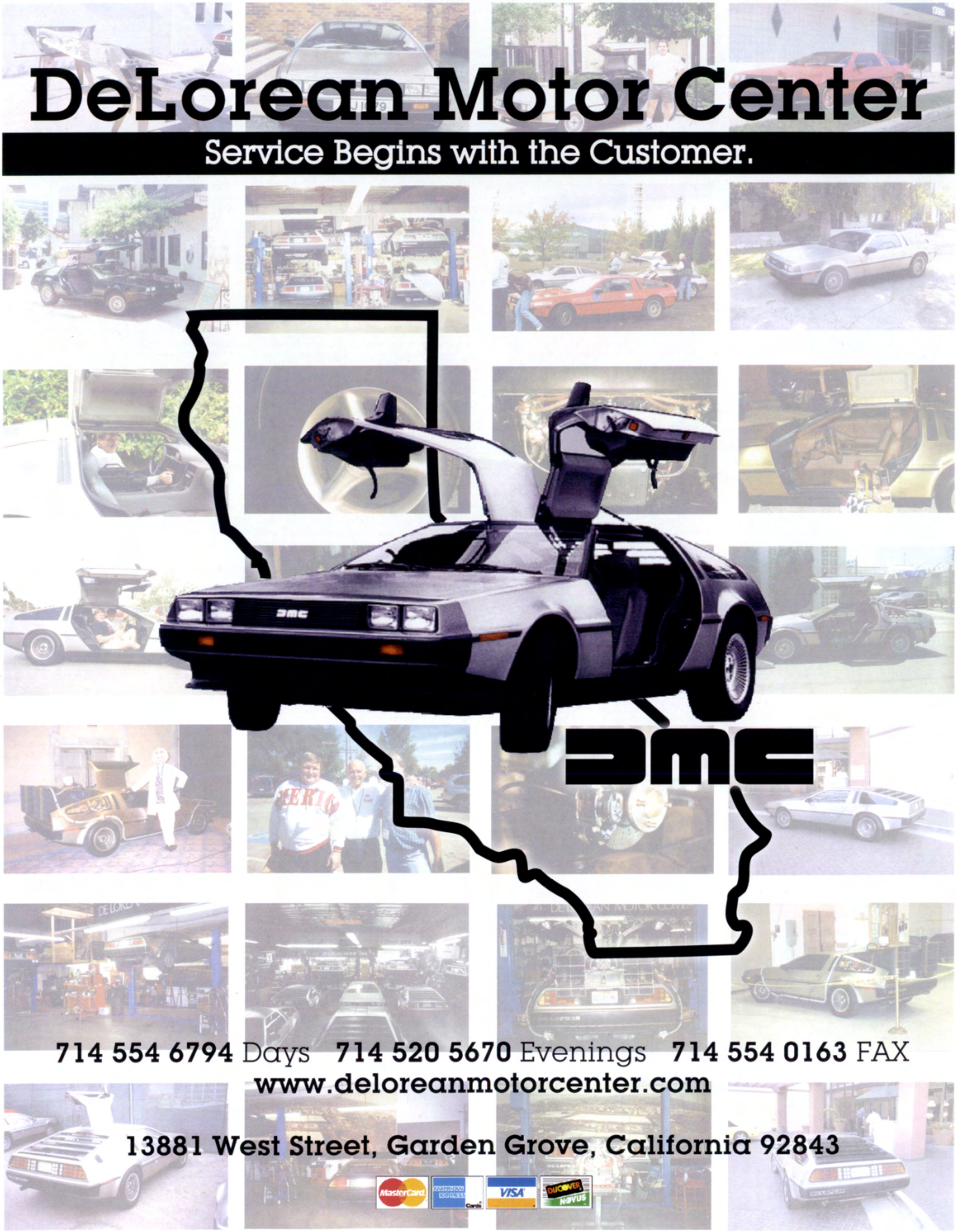
Tingling suspense and anticipation filled my senses as I became engulfed by the timeless moment. I broke into a big smile and watched Sheila swim away from the bank. With little hesitation, I followed her into the water.

[1] *Apparently doctors don't like calling it Tennis Elbow any more.*

[2] *Two prototypes were built in 1976 and 1977 respectively. The original prototype is currently owned by Bill Yacobozzi in Nevada (see Volume 1, No. 4, Summer 2004 of* ***dw*** *magazine), and the latter is popularly believed to have been destroyed in Lotus' scrap yard. A full-sized wooden model of the prototype also rests in the Belfast Museum. Unlike the common DMC on the front grill, this model bears the initials DSV thought to mean DeLorean Safety Vehicle.*

[3] *According to Jim Bates and Doug Patterson, who worked at Santa Ana's DMC Quality Assurance Center in the early 1980s, 28 test cars were built before production, between 1980 and 1981. They were called pilot cars. To date, pilots 20 & 25 have been found again, although a few more are believed to exist. Most pilot cars, however, were destroyed during and after the testing process.*

[4] *Watch City Brewing Company at 256 Moody Street in Waltham.*



DeLorean Motor Center

Service Begins with the Customer.

714 554 6794 Days **714 520 5670** Evenings **714 554 0163** FAX
www.deloreanmotorcenter.com

13881 West Street, Garden Grove, California 92843

MasterCard American Express Cards VISA DISCOVER NOVUS

"They continue creating, within their polished engines, the unforgettable hymn that cars in motion have perpetually created." Mark Shearer, longtime DeLorean Aficionado

Not just for Sunny Days

Photo: Alex Wolff

If a body meet a DeLorean comin' through the rye...

Reaching Denver was not enough. The Strode family lived high up in the boonies, another 30 minutes from the outskirts of the city. Snow was falling fast. By the time, I climbed into the hills, the roads were covered and cars were forced along the road blaring emergency lights. I arrived at my cousin's chalet to the site of a ridiculously steep driveway and paused ever so briefly to scratch my head. Headlights covered and my wipers rolling, I backed up 50 feet and charged for my goal, banked hard right and pulled the parking brake. The back end slid out, and I controlled the spin up the driveway—but not far enough. The DeLorean slid back down like a dejected puppy tricked out of a Scooby Snack. After several tries and a patient wait for a school bus—with the driver staring in horror and the kids cheering me on—to edge cautiously past me, I enlisted the aid of my second cousin Cassidy. He sprang to his feet like a good soldier and donned his savior costume of heavy winter clothes. Equipped with shovel and lots of kitty litter, we tried again and succeeded. By the next morning, the DeLorean was comfortably burrowed under the snow and we spent the days skiing our happy hearts to exhaustion. By the third day, the sun was out, the snow was melting and I bade my family thanks and good bye. The snow slid glisteningly off the car, and she started without a whimper.

Not just for Sunny Days

"Am I really proud of this photo?" Tony Hilger asks. "No, but it was exciting."

He had little idea that he would wake up to a blizzard on Mammoth Mountain, along the Sierra Nevada range. Undaunted, like a good tracker, he fastened snow chains and headed into the unknown—but not before he took his good old time, snapping a picture for his posterity album.

"It handled fine," he says. "I think everyone in the lodge dropped their jaw when they saw me trudging through the snow past their buried SUVs."

Photo: Tony Hilger

"How about I pose with my doors open like this? Has that been done before?"

Photo: Robert Wilson

"Maybe if I pose to the side with doors open, then?"

"I thought you might like to see the Vegas snow," Robert Wilson writes from Nevada.

"I had to pull the car out and get a picture."

Apparently Wilson panicked quite less than the rest of Las Vegas where the inkling of snow scares the masses, and flurries send them rampaging into supermarkets to buy out all the milk and cookies. Yet, sadly, they forget to buy carrots and coal to build the snowman. Where has the fun gone?

Wherever two or more are gathered in DeLorean's name, something interesting is going on.

UNION HOTEL
SALOON
OPEN
Photo outside the Union Hotel in Los Alamos.

"I got it! Let's all open our doors and line up. That will make the picture of the century."

If you put infinite monkeys in front of infinite typewriters and give them infinite time, what is the chance that, at some point, one will type a perfect copy of Shakespeare's Hamlet? Zero. That's right, never. Or haven't you heard of the Anthropic Principle?

So, this past October, what's the chance that all these owners just happened upon Los Alamos, California to eat yummy comestibles at the Union Hotel without knowing other DeLoreans would be there?

That's right, pretty much zero.

We plan these things.

Because when you put the cars together, you feel all fuzzy and warm inside. And while the cars are sometimes much cleaner than the owners themselves, we find the company to be quite fun and rewarding.

UNION HOTEL
OPEN

news & GROOVES
from the DeLorean Nation

Neither Snow nor Rain nor Hurricane Charley...

Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these DeLoreans from the swift completion of their appointed rounds. Still, we should all be so lucky with our toys, especially this one, after Hurricane Charley ripped through Port Charlotte in Florida. John Wolcott wrote us about the adventure:

"A solid oak kitchen table made a good thing to hide under with my wife Karen and dog Mickey, while it felt and sounded like a freight train was running through our house. Winds at 140 mph will do that.

When the fury subsided and there was nothing but rain, we ventured out to look around. The first door we opened was to the guest bedroom. The look on Karen's face was hard to describe when we saw no ceiling and water cascading through the shingleless roof, onto her collection of over 700 teddy bears.

The next door was to the garage. *Oh no.* There was a sick feeling when I saw the drywall ceiling had crashed down on our DeLorean. I was so angry I removed pieces of sheetrock and threw them at other things like they didn't matter. When the car was clean enough to realize it, I yelled "Holy cow, no damage!" Not a scratch—it didn't even bend the antenna. Either DeLoreans are extremely strong cars, or I'm an extremely lucky owner. But one thing is for sure: Friday the 13th, 2004 will not be forgotten for a long time. Charlie = Good Tuna. Charley = Bad Storm."

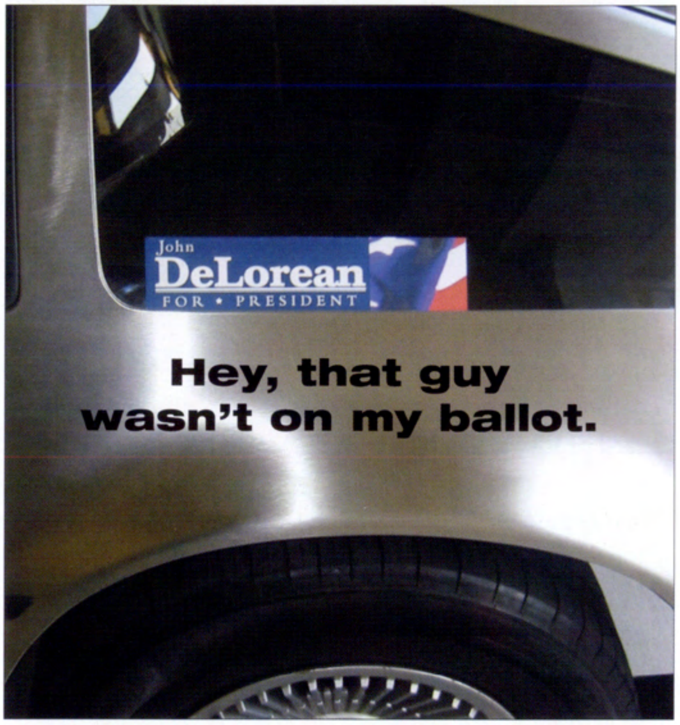
Photo: John Wolcott

There's a little DeLorean in your dirt. But some water and soap should clear it right up.

God is with you, Mr. Wolcott. Go in peace and drive, drive, DRIVE that miracle DeLorean into the sunset. Bring happiness and joy to all that see it.

To Be or Not to Be?

With its release date still pending, ***Mini's First Time***, a dark comedy, is filming in Los Angeles. Staring Alec Baldwin of ***Glengarry Glen Ross*** fame, Nikki Reed (***Thirteen***), Luke Wilson (***Old School***), Jeff Goldblum (***Jurassic Park***) and Carrie Ann-Moss (***The Matrix***), the plot involves a young girl (Reed) who joins an escort service, only to find that her stepfather (Baldwin) is a client. She seduces him and conspires to have her drunken mother declared insane, until their sinister plan takes a dark turn when an investigator begins to snoop around. Yeah, we don't quite get it either; however, an anonymous source from the set let us know that a DeLorean acted a small part in the movie. Why, when and where exactly is unknown. We can only hope that it doesn't end up on the cutting room floor. And with any luck the DeLorean will enjoy a time longer than the one second smidget that it was seen in the movie ***Wonderland***, starring Kate Bosworth and Val Kilmer. But hey, that's Hollywood.



Hey, that guy wasn't on my ballot.

Shouldn't this Gold be in a Bank?

Yes, it's true. The Gold DeLorean no longer rests in the vaults of Snyder National Bank in Snyder, Texas. Its new home is officially at the Peterson Automotive Museum in Los Angeles. You guessed it; it's the same museum where the elected board members of DeLorean Owners Association meet every month. As a new tradition, the members will caress and pet the gold car before every meeting, drooling and cooing seductive words like *my precious!* Smigel will have his hands full trying to keep them away.

Word on the street had been that the asking price of the shiny wonder had reached $250,000. And yet, suddenly rumored as a donation, it now sits for all to see, not just for big time oil tycoons with $2 saving's accounts in Texas.

Resting 20 years in Snyder, encased in glass, the car never held gasoline, water or oil. Oh it was pushed around here and there and had a few miles on it. But seven miles? That's the latest reading on the odometer and one wonders if someone had the nerve to juice her up and give her a try.

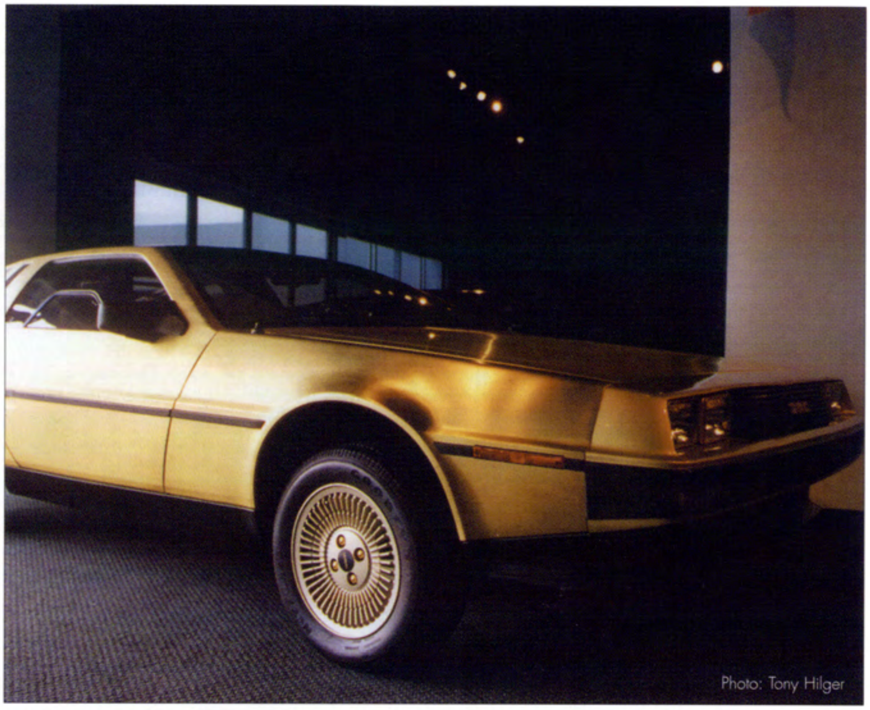


Photo: Tony Hilger

Lord of the DeLoreans. Golem is hiding around here somewhere.

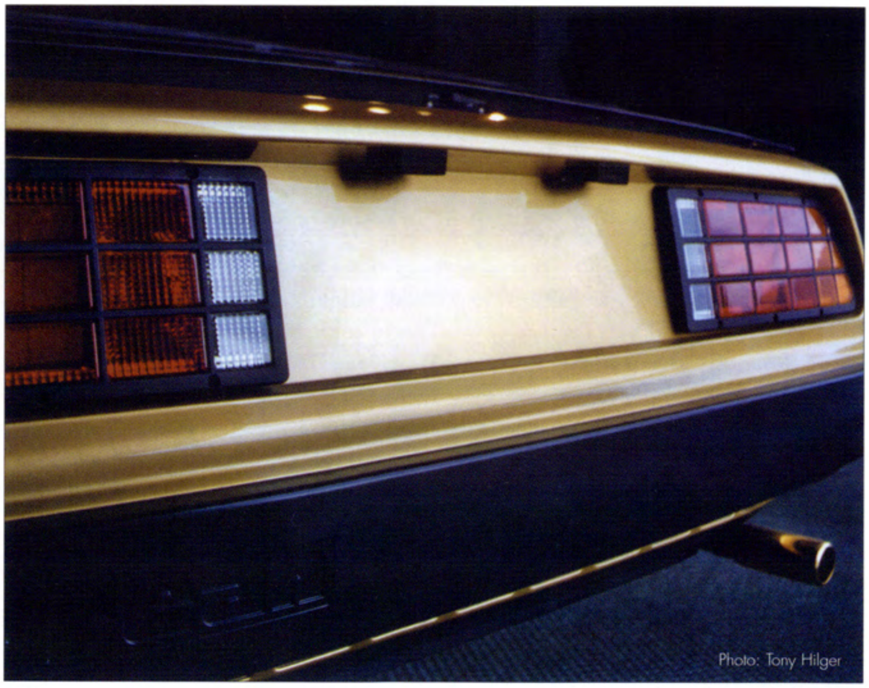


Photo: Tony Hilger

Worth it's weight in 24 karat DeLorean...

classifieds

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

To place a classified ad in ***dw*** magazine or on our website, membership in the Association is required. Include your membership number when placing an ad. Annual membership in the Association is $72.00. To join, call our **Membership Data Center at (805) 964-5296.** Or, join online at our website, **www.delorean-owners.org**

To place a classified ad in *dw* magazine:
The rate is $.80 per word, and **there is a four edition minimum.** Example: 20 words x $.80 = $16.00 x 4 = $64.00. (There is a minimum charge of $5.00 per edition for ads that have less than seven words.) If your advertised item sells after the first insertion, and you notify us, we will refund the cost of the remaining insertions. We will also publish a one column wide photo of your item for an additional charge of $50.00 per edition.

Photo Ads:
You can include a black and white photo of your advertised item in your classified ad. You have a choice of two photo sizes: one column wide (2 1/4" wide) for an additional $50 or two column (4 5/8" wide) for an additional $100.

To place a classified ad on the Association website:
The costs and conditions for placing an ad on our website are the same as for ***dw*** magazine however, your photo can be full color on the website and you can place your website ad at any time.

Payment:
All ads must be paid in advance. To place your ad and to make payment, call or fax (626)965-5190, or e-mail to: advertising@delorean-owners.org or mail to James Hales, Advertising Director – 2651 Altamira Drive, West Covina, CA 91792. Include everything you want in your ad, your credit card account number and the expiration date. If you are paying by mail, include a check payable to the **DeLorean Owners Association.**

DELOREANS FOR SALE

1981 DeLorean, Vin # 1331, automatic, black interior, 7047 actual miles, bought new in Midland, Texas and carefully warehoused in San Angelo, Texas. Has the desirable gas door and grooved hood, and the original Goodyear NCT tires look like new. Complete with the Bill of Sale, Certificate of Title issued 8/14/1981 and Window Sticker, all original, plus assorted books and paperwork. THIS CAR IS FOR THE SERIOUS COLLECTOR. $38,500. Call Michael Agan, 800-588-8001

1981 DeLorean, VIN #2406, One owner, 2,000 miles, automatic. Black interior, show quality. Trophy winner. $24,000 obo. 847-940-7777

1981 DeLorean, VIN #2015. Automatic, black interior, 7,000 miles by original owner; garaged, excellent condition, $21,000. Stan Rogers, Vancouver, WA 360-896-6955 or stan@infinity.com

1981 DeLorean, VIN #2620, automatic, black interior, 22,000 miles, excellent original, new tires, never damaged and now in storage. Must sell. $16,500 obo. 540-434-3465 or 540-487-7670

1981 DeLorean, VIN #0836, 5-speed, black interior, good condition. Early production car with gas door and grooved hood. Priced to sell at $12,900. 949-559-0558 or BEARMOOSE @worldnet.att.net

1981 DeLorean, VIN #6408, 5-speed, 21,000 miles. Grey leather interior, professionally maintained for a meticulous owner, $19,750. Ohio. 614-856-6920 or stromberga@aol.com

1981 DeLorean, VIN #1044, 5-speed, black interior, 7,600 miles, rebuilt fuel system + extras, $18,000. Minnesota. 952-944-9884 or PmPete@msn.com

1982 DeLorean, VIN #10644, 5-speed, 28,000 miles, grey interior, always garaged, excellent condition, $21,000. Ohio. 614-529-8146.

MISCELLANEOUS

Serious memorabilia collectors only - seven of the eight original factory binders-included are thirty-one service bulletins never published by the factory. Contact Dick Shipman at 310-474-8194

DELOREAN OWNERS ASSOCIATION BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Jon Spurlin, *President*
Mary Lou Knudson, *Vice President*
Julie Johnson, *Secretary/Products*
Joan Truscott, *Treasurer*
John Truscott, *Membership/Technical*
Marcie Haug, *Parliamentarian*
Jim Hales, *Advertising*
Tony Hilger, *dw Director*
David Johnson, *Products*
Ray Haug, *Internet/Products*
Millie Bernstein, *Mailing*
Linda Porter, *Activities*
Dorothy Gates,
Concours d'Elegance Director
Ed Bernstein, *Director at Large*
Beverly Benedikt, *Director at Large*
Bob Benedikt, *Director at Large*
Brian Gates, *Director at Large*
Delores Hales, *Director at Large*
David Knudson, *Director at Large*
Debbie Spurlin, *Director at Large*

advertiser index

DeLorean Motor Center............	*pg. 42*
DeLorean Motor Company........	*pg's. 32-33*
DeLorean One.........................	*pg's. 16-17, Back cover*
DeLorean Owners Association....	*pg's. 4-5-6-7*
Turbo Manifold Company..........	*pg. Inside back cover*

If you're thinking turbo, think twin turbo.

The most efficient method of turbo charging your DeLorean's V-6 engine is with two turbochargers—one turbo unit for each three cylinders.

When the DeLorean factory began developing a performance model, the twin-turbo configuration was the system they preferred (see Road & Track, December, 1984-page 37): The Island Twin-Turbocharging System is the most faithful to that DeLorean factory turbo design.

QUALITY

- The Island Twin-Turbo System includes a matched pair of IHI Turbochargers, the same brand used on most Indianapolis 500 racers.
- All intake manifolding is made of cast aluminum, which can't rust or crack like metal tubing.
- A matched pair of exhaust manifolds are fabricated from rugged cast iron.

PERFORMANCE

- 0–60 mph .... 6.3 seconds
- Top Speed .... 140 mph
- Total exhaust breathing capacity is increased to a BIG 4-inches total diameter (2 inches for each bank).
- No turbo lag.

REPUTATION

- Island Turbo has been turbocharging DeLoreans since 1981 and has earned one of the most respected names in the turbo industry.

If you're thinking turbo, think twin-turbo. There's only one — Island Turbo, the DeLorean turbo experts.

California EPA Approval Pending

CATALYTICS ONLY
UPDATE KITS AVAILABLE

TURBO MANIFOLD CO.
849 Boston Post Road, #2B
Marlboro, MA 01752
TURBO HOTLINE: (800) 449-1248
or 1 (508) 303-1924
FAX NO: (800) 449-1248
or 1 (508) 303-1924

THINK TWIN TURBO.

INSTALLATION FACILITIES

Motivation Racing
2353 Santa Ana, Suite 30
Dallas, TX 75228
(214) 321-3907

Paradise Motorsport Service
63 S. Eisenhower Lane
Lombard, IL 60148
(312) 495-3774

Bauerle Automotive
4211 Radnor Rd.
Radnor, OH 43066
(614) 595-3348

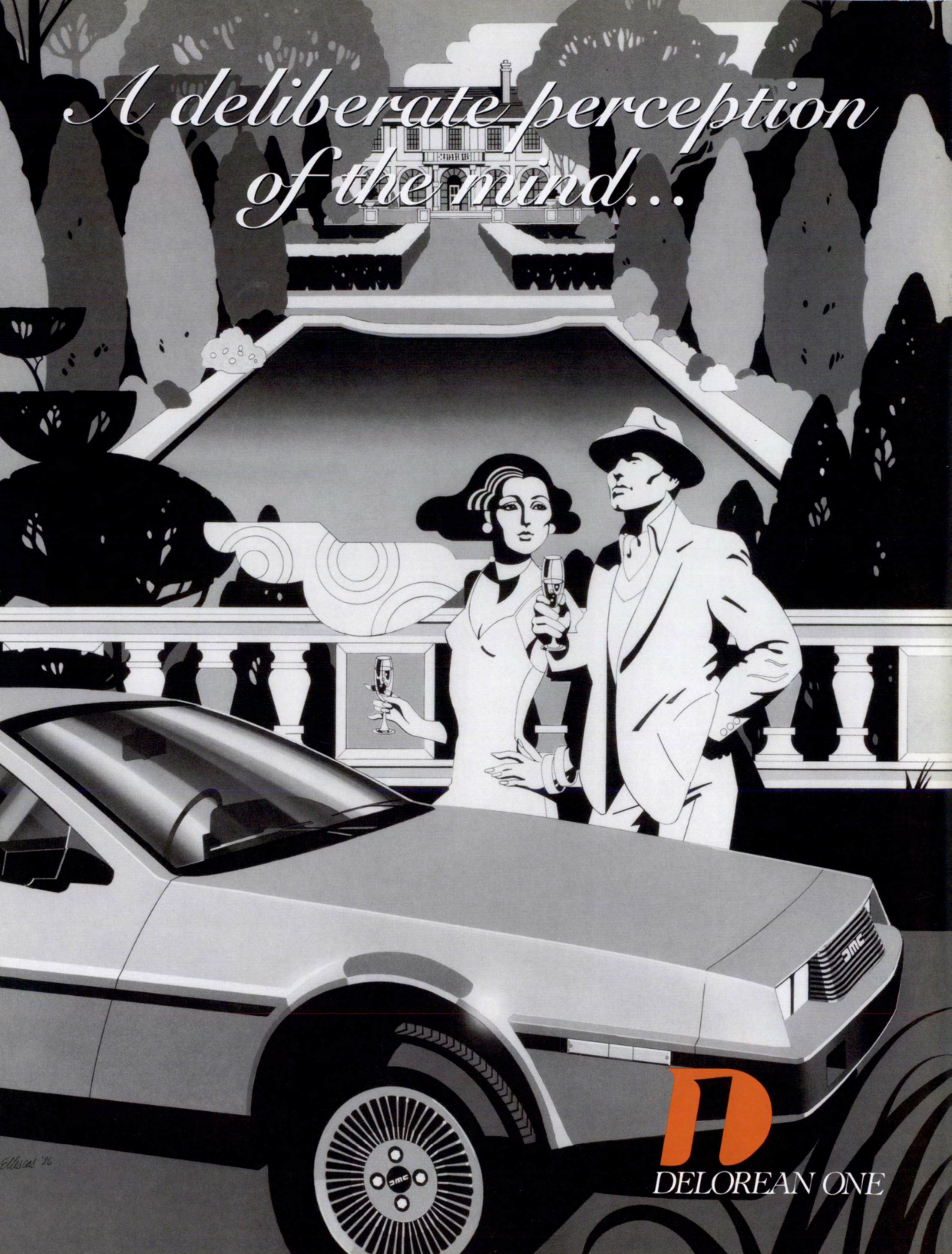
INSTALLATION FACILITIES

DeLorean Motor Center
13881 West Street
Garden Grove, CA 92643
Phone (714) 554-6794

Stanford Lincoln-Mercury
444 El Camino Real
Menlo Park, CA 94025
Phone (415) 321-8030

PJ Grady Inc.
118 Montauk Highway
West Sayville, NY 11796
Phone (516) 589-6224

DeLorean Owners Association MEMBER


A deliberate perception of the mind...
DMC
Ellescas '86
DELOREAN ONE